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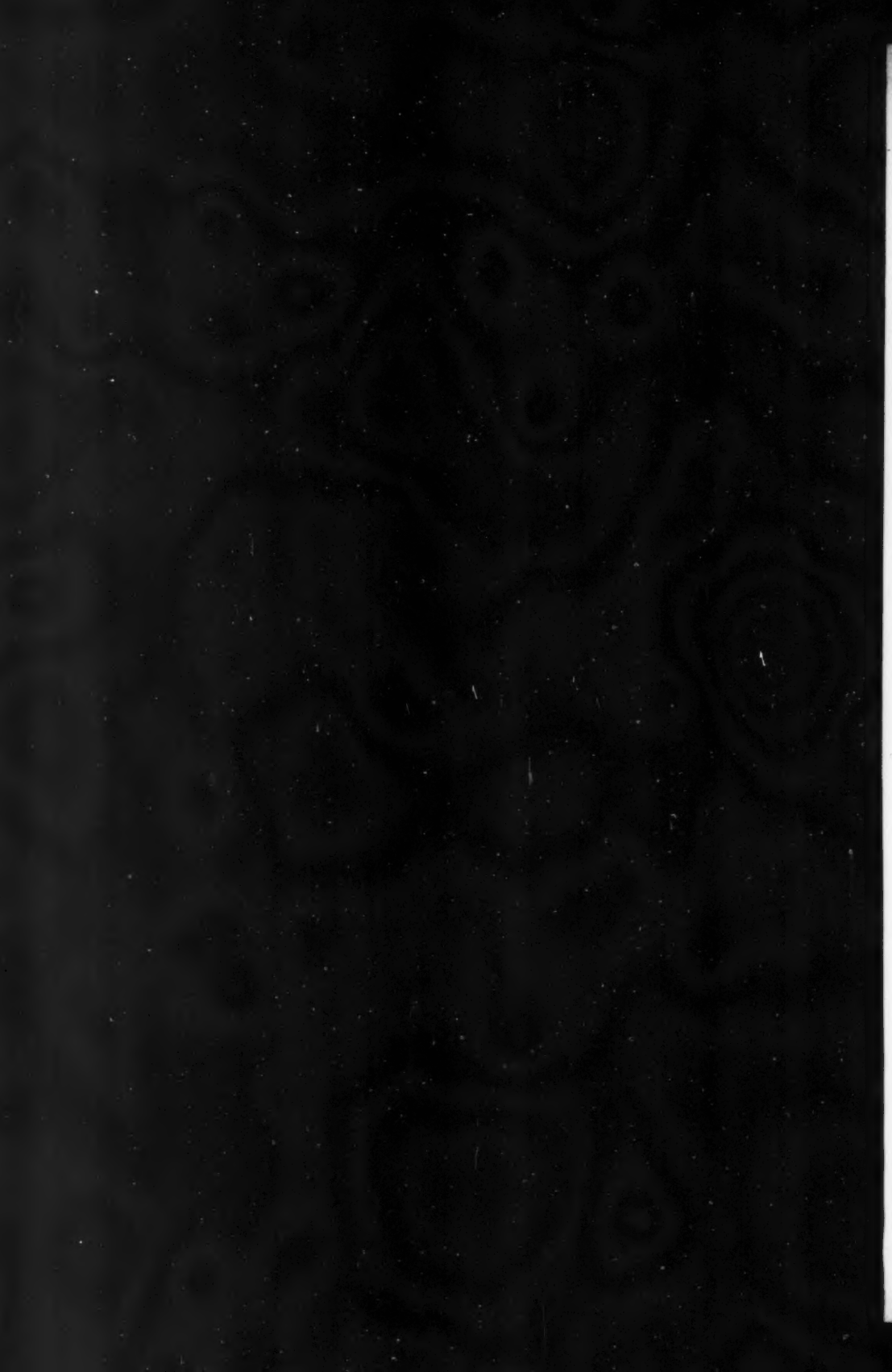
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXV. }

No. 2334.—March 23, 1889.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

THE VILLAGE GARDEN.

TO E. M. S.

HERE, where your garden fenced about and
still is,

Here, where the unmoved summer air is
sweet

With mixed delight of lavender and lilies,
Dreaming I linger in the noontide heat.

Of many summers are the trees recorders,
The turf a carpet many summers wove;
Old-fashioned blossoms cluster in the borders,
Love-in-a-mist and crimson-hearted clove.

All breathes of peace and sunshine in the
present,
All tells of bygone peace and bygone sun,
Of fruitful years accomplished, budding, cres-
cent,
Of gentle seasons passing one by one.

Fain would I bide, but ever in the distance
A ceaseless voice is sounding clear and low;
The city calls me with her old persistence,
The city calls me — I arise and go.

Of gentler souls this fragrant peace is guer-
don;
For me, the roar and hurry of the town,
Wherein more lightly seems to press the bur-
den
Of individual life that weighs me down.

I leave your garden to the happier comers
For whom its silent sweets are anodyne.
Shall I return? Who knows, in other sum-
mers
The peace my spirit longs for may be mine?
Spectator. AMY LEVY.

WARFARE.

I.

My hand has lost its cunning and its power,
I cannot fight;
My arm hangs helpless, like a wounded flower,
Killed by a blight!
My tendons, once of steel, are limp and
shrunk —
Each yields, and bends;
My iron frame is like the blasted trunk
That lightning rends!

II.

And where my armor? Is it also gone?
I wake to find
That I am standing here, disarmed, alone —
With youth behind —
And strength, and beauty, and all else that
dies,
Locked chill in death,
Gone, like a vision of the night, that flies
At morn's first breath!

III.

What has my warfare brought me? What
great gain?
How much renown?
Where are my trophies? Where my con-
quered slain?
And where my crown?
What are my victories, that I should share
The victor's seat?
I fought as one who vainly beats the air,
And gained — defeat!

IV.

And this the end is! this the climax grand,
The acme won!
The final downfall of a house of sand,
The last rood run!
And what my profits are, I ask in vain,
For none are shown;
Nothing is left that I can count as gain,
Or call my own.

V.

I toyed with shadows, while the sands of time
Rolled swiftly on;
And said not, "This is youth," until its prime
Was past and gone!
And now, in shame, before the Head Supreme,
With garments rent,
I crave for grace, that I may yet redeem
The time misspent!
NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.
Chambers' Journal.

THE QUAKER'S GRAVE.

(Burton, Cheshire.)

A LITTLE village with a church above,
A church whose founder's name was surely
love,
And yet within its pale no place was found
For this one grave, this green and silent
mound.
'Tis in a wood, and oft my rambles led
Me past the spot where lies the quiet dead;
I was a child, knew nought of party strife,
Nor all the discords that distract our life,
Yet felt how strange it was to shut out one
Whose life a pure and gentle stream had run.
It seemed a grave where birds would love to
sing,
And green leaf-shadows dance in breezy
spring;
Not lonely, for the path runs close that wends
Still upward till the wood in moorland ends;
There the gaunt mill spreads out its whirling
sails,
To catch each wind that moans around and
wails;
Here Peace herself has come, and where she
trod
Rest, silent worshipper, thou Friend of God.
Academy. B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

From The Quarterly Review.
LORD GODOLPHIN.*

THE first Tory prime minister of England was a man of whose private life few particulars have come down to us, though his personal tastes and habits have been described by Swift and Pope. The additional information, therefore, relating to the family history which Mr. Elliot has been able to supply from the new materials placed at his disposal, will be welcome to the curious in such matters. This information is nearly all contained in the second chapter of the book; which with this brief exception is exclusively dependent for its interest on the political questions of the day, and on the light which it throws on the parties and party intrigues of the time. In this branch of his subject the author has not, however, much to tell us which is absolutely new. No biography of Lord Godolphin, he confesses, "can be really complete, till much material which is at present entombed in family archives is rendered accessible." But the official life of Lord Godolphin embraces several great public questions; and as Mr. Elliot, by his manner of dealing with these questions, challenges criticism, we will now reconsider some of the political controversies, and personal mysteries, by which students of the reign of Queen Anne still find themselves confronted. There are three questions still *sub judice* on which we shall join issue with Mr. Elliot: namely, Godolphin's relations with the Stuarts after the Revolution; his connection with the betrayal of the Brest expedition; his differences with Lord Peterborough; and a fourth, which is now raised for the first time, namely, his general scheme for governing without party.

Sidney Godolphin was a gentleman of an ancient Cornish family, claiming descent from the De Godolghan, who held land in Cornwall under the Norman kings. His immediate ancestor was Sir John Godolphin, high sheriff of the county in the reign of Henry VII. In the seventeenth century the Godolphins were Cav-

aliers, and the statesman's father and uncle were both in arms for the king. Sidney, the uncle, was one of the soldier poets of that romantic era, and some verses quoted by Mr. Elliot possess considerable merit. He was killed at Chagford, in Devonshire, in 1643, and buried in Okehampton Church. "Clarendon has described his character; Waller collated his poems; and Hobbes wrote his epitaph."

At the ancestral seat in Cornwall, situated between the Lizard and the Land's End, Sidney Godolphin was born in the summer of 1645, and was christened in the neighboring Church of St. Breage on the 15th of July, a month after the battle of Naseby. He is said to have been a master of classical learning, but he did not acquire his scholarship either at a public school or a university. Mr. Elliot thinks that, while still a boy, he joined Charles II. on the Continent, and that it was the recollection of the wretched life then led by so many British exiles, which determined him at a later stage of his career not to go on his travels again. But the first thing known about him with certainty is that, in April, 1664, when he was not quite nineteen, he was a page at Whitehall. Here he learned some accomplishments which were useful to him in after life; the art of keeping his countenance; of assuming a vacant look when he heard tidings which he did not wish to seem to understand; perfect self-possession; and the manners necessary to a courtier. During the Dutch war of 1667, he obtained a commission and served as cornet in a troop of horse; but he never was on active service; and in October, 1668, he was returned to Parliament for the family borough of Helston.

He married in May, 1675, at the age of twenty-nine, Margaret Blague, one of the maids of honor—Evelyn's Mrs. Godolphin—then in her twenty-third year, who died in September, 1678, leaving an only son Francis, who married in 1698 Lady Henrietta Churchill, eldest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, and became the second Earl Godolphin. Sidney Godolphin and his wife were devotedly attached to each other. She was good, beautiful,

* *The Life of Sidney, Earl Godolphin, K.G., Lord High Treasurer of England, 1702-1710.* By the Hon. Hugh Elliot. London, 1888.

and clever, and Ben Jonson's epitaph on Lady Pembroke might, it seems, with almost equal propriety have been applied to her. Her husband mourned for her as one that would not be comforted, and all the romance of his life was buried in her grave. It is something in Godolphin's favor that he inspired such a woman as this with a genuine passion, when he had neither rank, wealth, nor a handsome face nor figure to recommend him. He was called "Baconface" by his contemporaries; and though the bust in Westminster Abbey is more favorable to his features than Kneller's portrait, it is clear that he never had the form and mien which "ladies love to look upon." At the best he must have been a heavy, phlegmatic-looking man, though, according to Boyer, he had a bright, piercing eye; and his habitual gravity, almost bordering on pomposity, was occasionally relieved by a very pleasant smile. He had, we are told, a brown complexion, a little disfigured by the small-pox, and, what Mr. Elliot omits to mention, "a very amorous temper," which at a later period of his life seems to have exercised some influence on his fortunes.

Lord Macaulay has drawn the character of the statesmen of the Revolution in a few bold lines which, granted his premises, convey, no doubt, a tolerably just impression of them. All, however, was not dishonesty which seems such to Lord Macaulay. If the Revolution was an un-mixed good, if the honest men opposed to it were destitute of ability, and if the able men opposed to it were destitute of honesty, there is an end of argument. But this reasoning is based on an assumption, which history will hardly sustain, that the balance of advantage in favor of the Revolution was so heavy, and so obvious, that there could be no occasion for doubt in the mind of any real statesman. The general accusation against the cluster of distinguished men, who stood at the head of affairs in this country from 1680 to 1720, is, that they played a double game in politics, courting the confidence of one dynasty while engaged in the service of another; and thinking rather of their own security and success than of what was most conducive to the interests of their

country. But their excuse is that it was not altogether so easy then, as it may be now, to see what really were the true interests of the country. A very large part of the nation, probably a large majority, thought that, if only the Stuarts could be brought to conform to the Church of England, the public interests would be best served by their restoration. This would save all the evils of a disputed succession; and would save England at the same time from the unpalatable expedient of handing herself over to the rule of foreigners, and from being drawn into those European complications which were destined to cost her so dear. That the Stuarts would never take kindly to the system of Parliamentary government was an argument which the men of that day could not be expected to appreciate as clearly as we do now. Why should not James III. be contented to rule like William III.? If it was quite certain that the father would never change his religion, the son might. The duty of a wise and prudent man, with a reasonable regard for his own interests, did not in this matter seem inconsistent with the duty of a patriot. If the Revolution government was only a provisional government, there was surely no harm in taking thought of what was to follow, and in being prepared for all eventualities.

There was, in the abstract, nothing dishonest in this mode of reasoning; but it is easy to see that it might soon become so in the concrete; such reasoning involved a principle of action which it was not possible to avow, and which it might become necessary to conceal by the wilful deception of individuals. Professions of attachment to the exiled dynasty were not likely always to end in words. Sooner or later, some earnest of their sincerity was sure to be required. And so we see that men, not naturally dishonorable or unprincipled, were seduced into actions which no casuistry can defend. But, except in these extreme cases, much of the language which has been applied to the statesmen of the Revolution is wholly out of place. Events had lowered the moral tone of English public life, and had created a class of statesmen not above doing the

dirty work of revolutions. Rival factions must be kept quiet for the time by working on the hopes of some and for the present interests of others; and while the infant dynasty is taking root and gaining strength, rival claimants to the throne must be put off with fair words and specious promises. The statesmen who are willing to do these things are not likely to be men of exalted virtue, or to be unmindful of their own safety; they will make a point of standing well with all parties, and of securing their retreat, in case their position proves untenable. But these are the men who prevent civil wars; who, in the exercise of their peculiar talents, stand between disaffection and despair; and who avert violence by insinuating in the most plausible tones all that may be won by patience. It is hardly fair to call them dishonest, unprincipled, or immoral. They are the men of the age; and one of the most finished specimens of the class was the Lord Godolphin who served four sovereigns, and, though strictly faithful to none, was trusted by them all.

Godolphin's first public employment was in 1678, as envoy extraordinary to the Spanish Netherlands. Here he made the acquaintance of the Prince of Orange, who seems to have been much pleased with him, and who, on Mrs. Godolphin's death in the following September, sent a message of condolence to her husband. He also at this time fell in with Sir W. Temple, who was engaged in negotiating the Treaty of Nimeguen; and when on the failure of Sir William's Council of Thirty in 1678 the government was partly reconstructed, Godolphin was recommended by Temple for a seat at the Treasury, the first lord being Hyde, Earl of Rochester, and Halifax and Sunderland being leading members of the government.

The Parliament of 1661 had been dissolved in January, 1678. But the new Parliament did not meet till the following March, when it was found that in the House of Commons the Whig party had a majority. Charles II., finding this Parliament obstinate respecting the Exclusion Bill, dissolved it in the following July. Its successor, elected in October, 1679,

was not called together for another twelve months; and when it met in October, 1680, it proved just as intractable as the last. The king dissolved it in January, 1681, and summoned another one to meet at Oxford in March. It met on the twenty-first, and was dissolved on the twenty-eighth; and no other Parliament was called during the remainder of the king's reign. It is remarkable that in all these Parliaments, though Godolphin, who always swam in the stream, voted with the Exclusionists, his opposition to the court lost him the favor neither of the king nor of the Duke of York. At that time he was the only member of the government who understood finance; and, down to the day of his death, he had but one equal in that department. He was therefore too useful a man to be got rid of; and his opposition was not sufficiently formidable to counterbalance his utility. Charles II. found in him a convenient and accommodating servant, who was never in the way and never out of the way. And for James II., we suppose it was enough that Godolphin consented to attend mass, and helped him in his arrangements with Louis.

Between the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament in the spring of 1681, and the death of Charles in February, 1685, the Cavalier party was dominant. A strong Tory reaction, admirably described by Lord Macaulay, set in against the Exclusionists; and the king, we may charitably conclude, took advantage of this interval of quiet to reflect upon his own position, and to ask himself whether the course which he had hitherto pursued, had been in reality conducive either to his own honor or his own comfort. He had reached that time of life, when men often exchange pleasure for politics, and develop qualities hitherto unsuspected by their most intimate associates. After the many things which he had done to excite the suspicion and distrust of his subjects, he found himself once more, at the age of fifty-two, "the most popular man in his dominions." With such a hold upon his people as this, might it not be worth while, after all, to try the part of a patriot king? It is quite possible that Charles at this time, while

resolved to take vengeance on his enemies, had other and better aspirations, and that the rumors of some new system of policy which began to be heard in 1684 were not destitute of foundation. In August of this year Godolphin was raised to the peerage, with the title of Lord Godolphin of Rialton, and appointed first commissioner of the Treasury in place of Rochester, who became president of the Council. Godolphin, at this time, belonged more decidedly than ever to the moderate section of the Tories; and though he took care to observe a prudent neutrality between Halifax and Rochester, the heads of the two rival parties, we can have no doubt to which side he secretly inclined. Had Charles II. lived, it is by no means improbable that Godolphin might have been as great a man as he became after the Revolution, without any of the stains which that political convulsion left upon his character.

It is important to remember, in estimating the characters of the statesmen of the Revolution, that the duplicity and ambidexterity, which became so general after 1688, had in reality begun before that date; that there were statesmen in communication with the Hague, while holding office under Charles and James, as there were statesmen in communication with St. Germain's while holding office under William. Between 1680 and 1720 a sense of impending change pervaded the whole governing class. There was hardly a single man of eminence but would have been glad to have two strings to his bow. Godolphin had been in communication with the Prince of Orange before the death of Charles II. He threw aside his former professions as soon as James was on the throne, and renewed them after he was banished. Scores of other English gentlemen were acting in the same spirit. They were not more false to one king than to another; and treachery on so large a scale, and of so indiscriminate a character, almost ceases to be treachery.

On the accession of James, Godolphin left the Treasury and was appointed chamberlain to Mary of Modena, whom he regarded throughout life with a degree of affection, which shows that, with all his worldliness, he had still a soft place in his heart. He soon accommodated himself to the new *régime*. Rochester, who was now first lord, refused to go to mass with the king, and was turned out of the Treasury; Godolphin went, and was replaced in the department. Rochester,

however, was not dismissed till he had participated with Lord Sunderland and Godolphin in the treaty with France, to which we have already referred. By this compact, for it was not of course a regular treaty, Louis XIV. undertook to make the king of England virtually independent of the House of Commons, on condition that he used his powers in the interests of France.

It does not appear that Godolphin took any active part in the negotiations with the Prince of Orange, which immediately preceded the invasion of 1688. When, after the landing of the prince, the king set out for Salisbury, Godolphin was one of the council of five whom he left in charge of the government. Shortly afterwards, Godolphin, Halifax, and Nottingham, were the three commissioners chosen to treat with the invaders. When James turned his back upon the throne, Godolphin was one of those who refused to declare it vacant, and voted for a regency. Having thus done his duty to his late master, he saw nothing to prevent him from taking service with his old friend, and on February 14th, 1689, he was once more gazetted to his old place at the Treasury. Just a year afterwards, the Convention Parliament was dissolved, and then for some reason — jealousy, it is thought, of Sir John Lowther, who had been appointed to the board — he insisted on resigning. In the following November, however, he came back again as chief commissioner, or first lord, a post which he retained through all ministerial and party changes for six years. He resigned in October, 1696; was reinstated four years afterwards, and resigned again in six months, just a year before William's death.

Of Godolphin's relations with the Jacobite party in general during the reign of William, Mr. Elliot, as we have said, has nothing fresh to tell us. Godolphin saw the Jacobite agents; sometimes, with a command of countenance peculiar to himself, pretended not to understand on what errand they had come, and turned the conversation to the race-course or the playhouse; sometimes he professed warm attachment to the exiled prince, and declared his willingness to serve him effectually as soon as he could withdraw from William's service; sometimes he sent promises, and sometimes good advice; but never, we may be quite sure, without a mental resolution that he would do nothing more till a restoration was morally certain. Mr. Elliot, in dealing with this

portion of our history, displays much need-less excitement. We have already pointed out, that the treachery imputed to those statesmen who kept themselves fair with both courts was but a venial offence. Mr. Elliot thinks it impossible that Godolphin should have given both William and James good counsel at the same time. He certainly offered such to William, and therefore, thinks Mr. Elliot, could not possibly have offered it to James. We see no impossibility in the matter. Horace Walpole supplies what is no doubt the key to Godolphin's double-dealing, and Clarke, in his "Life of James II.," takes the same view. It was the primary object of both Godolphin and Marlborough, who always acted together, to prevent James II. from forming any other engagements with the English Tories, or learning to rely on any one except themselves. They might not have been willing to make any great effort to effect his restoration; they may not even have desired it; but they were quite determined that, if it did happen, nobody else should have the credit of it. If the course of events brought it round, they wished to be able to say that it was owing to their own advice, and their own secret exertions. When James was resealed on the throne, he must attribute his good fortune to Marlborough and Godolphin, and to them alone. It was clearly their interest, therefore, to give him such advice as would be seen in the event of his return to have been well calculated to promote it.

In illustration of this advice, Mr. Elliot quotes Godolphin's letter to William in 1695, first published in Dalrymple's "Memoirs." And he is quite right in giving this letter a very prominent place in the history of Godolphin's public life; for it is virtually an exposition of his political principles, and foreshadows, as Mr. Elliot says, the ministerial plan which he himself endeavored to carry out while at the head of Queen Anne's government. On this occasion William, it seems, had grown impatient of the Parliamentary difficulties by which he was surrounded, and was anxious to try the effect of a dissolution. Godolphin advises him not to dissolve Parliament till he has made peace, which he recommends him to do in the following summer. As long as the war lasted, he could hardly have a Parliament better suited to his purpose. The Whig party in it was just strong enough to support the war, without being strong enough to annoy the king. In another Parliament, this balance was not likely to be main-

tained. If the Whigs had a large majority, they might be willing to feed the war, but they would impose conditions on the sovereign. If the Tories had a large majority, they might uphold the prerogative, but they would be lukewarm in the cause of the alliance. But if peace were once made, and the king were relieved from the necessity of coming to Parliament for money, then indeed he might pursue his favorite scheme of ignoring party differences, and party pretensions, with some prospect of success:—

And if it pleased God to grant your Majesty an honorable peace, and you would then be pleased to set up for a party of your own, and let all people see that if they expected your favor they must depend upon you for it, and not let any one hope for promotion for being true to a faction, but by serving you; I presume to say that the war being ended, a new Parliament called, and such measures pursued, your Majesty would quickly find that the Jacobites would turn moderate Churchmen, and loyal subjects, and the Whigs much more obsequious courtiers and easier servants than now they are.

This letter suggests to us a further explanation of the apparent contradiction, which so puzzles Mr. Elliot. Godolphin here advises William to make peace in the ensuing summer; and he advised James, it seems, to invade England with a French army if peace was not made. Godolphin knew well how unpopular the war was in England. He knew better than any one the magnitude of the pecuniary difficulties in which it was involving the nation. Any great financial crisis, supervening on an odious war, might have been extremely awkward for the minister, who would be held responsible for both. There was no saying what Parliament might do in such a case, as Godolphin himself once remarked to Prince George of Denmark. If matters came to that pass, and William had no power to protect him, it would be well to look to some one who could. If William would take his advice and make peace—well. If not, if he was obstinate and rushed upon his fate, then it might perhaps be just as well that James should reappear upon the scene. Godolphin gave the advice which was in each case distinctly the best for his own interests.

The second of the three subjects to which we have referred is the affair of Brest. It is well known that the betrayal to the French king of the intended expedition against Brest in 1694 is attributed exclusively to Marlborough by the great

historian of the Revolution. There is no doubt that Marlborough sent this information to James. But it seems equally certain that Godolphin had been beforehand with him. That Macaulay takes no notice of this report, need surprise no one acquainted with his mode of writing history; but the charge is confidently made by Macpherson, an author whom Macaulay generally trusts. It is repeated by Mr. Leslie Stephen, as a recognized truth; and Mr. John Paget, who has enquired into the whole transaction, has no doubt that the charge is true. But the real question is not who told the secret, but who told it first. If Godolphin told it before Marlborough, the Earl of Arran had told it before Godolphin; while it is by no means improbable that there was a fourth person concerned, who told it before any of them. In a letter of Horace Walpole's, which we do not remember to have seen noticed by any modern writer on the period, he says that William III. openly charged Marlborough with betraying the secret, and that Marlborough replied, "Upon my honor, your Majesty, I only told my wife." "I did not even do that," was the king's answer. Now Marlborough's wife was the sister of the Duchess of Tyrconnell, a devoted adherent of the exiled family, who, if she heard such a secret, was under no obligation to respect it. It seems to us that here we have a clue to the real channel through which the information reached Louis. It is difficult to doubt, in face of the evidence we possess, that Godolphin, as well as Marlborough, sent news of this expedition to James. But we may equally believe, that they both knew it to be valueless; and that whatever harm could be done by the disclosure, had been done already. We should have expected to see this question discussed by Mr. Elliot at a little greater length, we confess. He scarcely seems to realize the atrocity of the act imputed to men high in the confidence of the English government. Godolphin's connivance at the French compact, which he calls "a terrible crime," is a joke compared to it.

We have seen from Godolphin's letter to the king, that in the year 1694 he took rather a gloomy view of our financial situation; and, as Mr. Elliot contends with some justice, there was very good reason why he should find his seat at the Board of Treasury an uneasy one, without supposing that his occasional anxiety to quit it arose from any wish to be at greater liberty to assist King James. Godolphin was alarmed for his own safety;

and on this point Mr. Elliot has placed the situation before us, for the first time, in a concise and intelligible form. Thus:—

The off-hand manner in which William treated the Treasury shows how great Godolphin's difficulties must have been in saving the wealth of the nation from the rapacity of the King. William's orders were no less diverse than peremptory. The Commissioners of the Treasury are immediately to pay 200*l.* to every battalion in Flanders for the purpose of buying and maintaining a wagon. His secretary has lost his horses, plate, and equipage, in a passage to the Low Countries; the Treasury must compensate him with 2,000*l.* The Duke of Schomberg's pay is to be increased. The arrears due to the troops in Savoy are to be paid. Godolphin no doubt found the execution of the King's commands a very delicate task. Certain sums of money had been voted by Parliament for certain purposes; more could not be furnished without adding recklessly to the debt. "I beg of you," he writes to Blathwayte, "to represent to the King that the consequence of all this is loading his revenue with more anticipations and plunging it into [such?] fresh engagements as he will be sorry to see at his return, and not only [this?] but the debt to his household and family is all this while increasing, by the necessity of applying all the money that can any way be borrowed to the extraordinary charges of the public." In regard to the necessity of the expenses he had nothing to say. They might be necessary or they might not. Their consequences, he affirmed, however, would be most inconvenient.

The remonstrances of Godolphin passed unheeded. The King effected neither reform nor retrenchment, while to make matters worse, as time passed on, the news from abroad became alarming. The years 1693 and 1694 were years of intense gloom in England. Every speech from the throne was a petition for money, or contained an announcement of naval or military miscarriage. The charges for the war were boundless and continuous. Extravagant bounties to foreigners further swelled the gigantic total of expenditure; while treason and conspiracy, which were ever imminent, seemed all the more threatening, because the rumors which announced them were intangible and undefined. In the House of Commons there existed a strong opposition to the Court. Clarges, Foley, and many other members of influence and repute, persistently attacked the Government for its prodigality, for its foreign policy, or for its corruption. (Page 159.)

Godolphin began to be alarmed for his head. He knew that he was hated by the Whigs; and it was possible that neither king might be able to save him from ruin. He was a timid man, and must often have thought it would be wise to leave the sink-

ing ship while he could. But the emoluments of office were necessary to him; and while he hesitated between the two alternatives, the horizon cleared. Commercial prosperity and financial credit were restored. Peace was made; and at last when Godolphin did quit office, he did so against his will, and in consequence of a party intrigue.

The story of Sir John Fenwick's plot is too long to be repeated here. But in October, 1696, Godolphin was the last Tory left in the government, and the Whigs were resolved to have him out. He had been named, together with two Whigs, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Edward Russell, in the confession which Sir John Fenwick had laid before the government in the hope of obtaining his own pardon. The Whigs, however, had no wish to see these two men punished; nor did the king wish to punish any of them. Consequently, as it was impossible to make any distinction between the guilt of Godolphin and the guilt of the other two, the Whigs saw that their only chance was in persuading Godolphin to resign.

If Godolphin had steadfastly refused to quit his place, the Whig leaders would have been in a most embarrassing position. But a politician of no common dexterity undertook to extricate them from their difficulties. In the art of reading and managing the minds of men, Sunderland had no equal; and he was, as he had been during several years, desirous to see all the great posts in the kingdom fixed by Whigs. By his skilful management Godolphin was induced to go into the royal closet, and to request permission to retire from office; and William granted that permission with a readiness by which Godolphin was much more surprised than pleased.*

William III. died on the 8th of March, 1702; and the best-known period of Godolphin's career now begins. At first he declined the office of lord high treasurer when offered to him by the queen, from a sincere desire, Mr. Elliot thinks, to escape into the country and enjoy the pleasures of rural life. But whatever the reason was, it was soon overruled. Marlborough, it is said, refused to take the command of the army, unless Godolphin was at the head of the government. To this consideration were no doubt added the personal entreaties of the queen; and, after all, the prize now within his reach was a very splendid one. So he laid aside his scruples, and placed himself at the head of Queen Anne's first ministry, being the

first English statesman who can properly be called prime minister.

The ten years that followed are perhaps, upon the whole, the ten most interesting years of English history; for they unroll before us, on a large scale and in brilliant colors, the two most important dramas which can be acted by civilized nations—a great military struggle against a foreign enemy, and a great constitutional struggle between rival parties, in simultaneous operation, and conducted by soldiers and statesmen of unrivalled genius and undying fame. The part allotted to Godolphin in this splendid scene, though less showy and less prominent than that of some of his contemporaries, was extremely important. English political parties had their origin in the reign of Charles II.; but it was not till after the Revolution that the "party system" began to take its modern shape, and to demand recognition as one of the essential organs of constitutional government. William III. refused this recognition. Godolphin followed in his footsteps; and must be regarded as the first of that long line of statesmen, who from William III. to William IV. fought against the Whig doctrine of party, and who, had they been successful, would have saved us from a sore disease under which our political system still suffers most severely.

Before, however, we follow party history through the first eight years of Queen Anne's reign, it will be well to consider Godolphin's connection with the war. We have seen the advice which he gave to King William in 1695, and that he did not in 1700 wish to put himself in the same position again; and we have seen that he hesitated to accept the brilliant position offered to him by Anne. We cannot doubt that, on each occasion, he was influenced by the same considerations. He did not believe that the resources of the country were equal to the strain which the Grand Alliance would impose upon them. He had not been finance minister from the battle of La Hogue to the Peace of Ryswick for nothing. He knew that the ultimate cost of the war would greatly exceed the estimated cost; and he knew also that, if a crash came, he would be the first sufferer. Had England in 1711 continued the war upon the only scale which would have enabled her to crush France, she must have been bankrupt in twelve months. So wrote Bolingbroke to Peterborough, January 8th, 1712; and what we might not believe on the word of Boling-

* Macaulay.

broke alone, we are bound to believe when it comes fortified by the authority of Godolphin. For the latter, events were too strong. War became inevitable, and such being the case, it was necessary to have Marlborough at the head of the army. Marlborough refused to go unless Godolphin was prime minister; and so, as we see, Godolphin was drawn into a position which he would gladly have avoided if he could; not because he thought war was at that moment unjustifiable, but because he foresaw the domestic difficulties to which it must eventually give rise, and did not wish to be the victim of them.

During four years he co-operated with Marlborough cordially and zealously. But when in 1706 an opportunity of making peace on advantageous terms presented itself, and was deliberately rejected, his zeal began to cool, and for the first time he and Marlborough were at variance. We need not go into particulars of the offer made by France to the Allies in 1706. Lord Stanhope, whose reign of Queen Anne is not written from a Tory point of view; Mr. Wyon, who is a decided Liberal; and Lord Bolingbroke, who was war secretary at the time, are all agreed that they would have accomplished all the objects of the Grand Alliance, and were better terms than the Allies had any reason to expect.

Why, then, were they not accepted? Godolphin was decidedly in favor of them, but was overruled by Marlborough, who, however, seems to have proceeded on no very fixed views of public policy; since while he told the French that England was bound to uphold the integrity of the Spanish monarchy, he told the Dutch at the same time that Louis XIV. could hardly be expected to make peace without something being carved out of the Spanish monarchy for his grandson. Archdeacon Cox tries to make out that Godolphin was the obstacle to peace. But we agree with Mr. Elliot that the theory is absurd. Peace was distinctly Godolphin's interest, both for the sake of his own personal security and for the sake of the political scheme which he was bent on carrying out. And Mr. Elliot admits, that Godolphin was so enraged with our allies, that he proposed to Marlborough that England should throw them over and make a separate peace with France. In many respects Godolphin's views were identical with Bolingbroke's; and what is most curious of all is, that, if the war was to go on, he would have adopted the very

same system of hostilities as Bolingbroke himself recommended nearly forty years afterwards during the war of the Austrian succession. This was to withdraw our troops from Flanders, and confine ourselves to naval operations. By blockading or bombarding French ports, by harassing descents upon the coast, by destroying her trade and her commerce, and by taking advantage of the discontent known to exist in certain classes of French society, Godolphin thought we might bring France to terms as quickly as by Continental campaigns, and at one-fourth of the expense. This was Godolphin's principle; this was Bolingbroke's principle; and this, till events proved too strong for him, was Pitt's principle. But in 1706 the opposite view prevailed, and the war went on as before.

Again, however, in 1709 still more liberal terms were proposed by France, first informally, and afterwards at the Congress of Gertruydenberg, when she offered to resign the whole Spanish monarchy, and when the negotiations only broke off on the demand of the Allies that Louis himself should compel his grandson to leave Spain, if necessary by force of arms. This Louis positively refused to do; and again hostilities were resumed; and it was not till two years afterwards, when the burden upon England at length became intolerable, that a Tory government saw the necessity of adopting Godolphin's suggestion and making a separate peace. Our allies, who had disappointed us and defrauded us all round, and whose preposterous demands, going utterly beyond the original term of the alliance, had been the sole cause of prolonging the war, had no reason whatever to complain of what happened. And this must appear very plainly, we think, to all who study the history of the period, even in the pages of a partisan. Archdeacon Cox admits that the terms offered at Gertruydenberg were such as the Allies ought to have accepted; but he tries to prove that Godolphin again was the man to blame for the failure of the negotiations. Yet peace had become almost a matter of life and death to Godolphin. Peace in 1709 would in all human probability have averted his downfall in 1710; and would have saved him from the necessity of abandoning his favorite theory of government. Whoever was to blame for the failure, it could hardly be Godolphin. He was, as much as the regular Tories, in favor of a peace; and if he had retained his office, and his power and authority with it, he would certainly have

done what the Tories did, and probably a year sooner.

The Treaty of Utrecht was no mere party manœuvre, but a great measure of state forced upon England by circumstances, with hardly any alternative; a peace which any English statesman would have been bound to make; a peace less favorable than might have obtained on two previous occasions, only because the Allies, in their extreme greediness and selfishness, overreached themselves. Not only, however, must we acquit Lord Godolphin of all responsibility for these failures, but we are in justice bound to recognize that he did what he could to prevent them, and condemned almost from the first the turn the war was taking. In a word, he was no friend at all, but a sworn enemy, to what Bolingbroke calls the "new scheme" which was hatched by the alliance after 1706, and which, instead of aiming at satisfaction to the emperor for the loss of the Spanish crown, aimed at nothing less than placing the whole Spanish empire in his hands. That Godolphin was unable to act up to his convictions, and to exert himself more effectually in the interests of peace, was due partly to the influence of Marlborough, but much more to the party connections with which in 1706 he was beginning to be entangled. The Whigs cared no more than the Tories for the Austrians or the Dutch; but in their eyes to crush France was to crush Jacobitism. They did not encourage the war to bring Charles into Spain, but to keep James out of England. For this purpose they were ready to spend the last shilling which could be wrung from the English people; and from the moment that Godolphin fell into their hands, he had to put his peace principles in his pocket.

Of Godolphin's connection with the war in another quarter, and of Lord Peterborough's behavior in Spain, Mr. Elliot's account seems to require considerable modification. He admits that Peterborough was allowed a large discretion; but declares it to be certain "that when he left England, the English government had no more idea that their general would attack Barcelona, than that he would attack Seringapatam." Yet Colonel Russell, whose "Life of Peterborough," published only last year, Mr. Elliot seems not to have consulted, distinctly states that Peterborough, besides being ordered to assist the duke of Savoy, "was also directed to attack Barcelona and Cadiz, and was given general directions to the

effect that the principal design of the expedition was to make a vigorous push on Spain." Lord Stanhope distinctly asserts, as a matter which requires no proof, that Peterborough, while instructed in the first instance to relieve the duke of Savoy, "was allowed a discretionary power, if he should rather choose some enterprise on the coast of Spain." If these statements are trustworthy, one-half of Mr. Elliot's accusation disappears. The other is that Peterborough allowed himself to be overruled by the archduke Charles, instead of "assuming an authority which it was his duty to exercise." On this point Colonel Russell writes as follows: "Peterborough had been accepted as commander-in-chief to the allied armies in consideration of the large body of troops and great subsidies supplied by England. But his power was more nominal than real; he could not shoot for mutiny, or coerce, generals of another country." He could not have compelled the Dutch and German troops, who formed part of his army, to go on to Nice, or to march to Madrid, instead of attacking Barcelona. He might have separated himself from his allies, and gone on to Italy with the English regiments alone. But he does not seem to have thought that he was warranted in doing this, nor does Mr. Elliot assert in so many words that this is what he ought to have done.

If we take Lord Stanhope as our guide, we should find in his failing health and energy a clue to much of Godolphin's conduct at this time. "His fire was indeed nearly burned out," says the historian, writing even of the year 1704. And if so, we have in this fact a sufficient explanation of his acquiescence in measures to which he was at heart opposed. We do not know, however, what evidence there is for this statement; and of the history of the next great transaction in which Godolphin played a leading part, namely, the union with Scotland, we should be inclined to think Mr. Elliot's version of the story the more probable of the two, especially as it is supported in the main by that trustworthy writer Mr. Burton. It is of importance whether Godolphin was at this time the weak and failing old man that Lord Stanhope represents him, or the sagacious and calculating statesman that Mr. Burton and Mr. Elliot see in him.

The first proposal of union between England and Scotland received anything but a cordial welcome from the Scottish Parliament; an idea having got abroad that the union would be made use of to

restore episcopacy. Commercial and colonial jealousies did the rest; and the celebrated Act of Security, passed in the Scottish Parliament in 1703, —

declared that on the decease of Her Majesty without issue the Estates should name a successor from the Protestant descendants of the Royal Line, but should be debarred from choosing the admitted successor to the Crown of England, unless there were to be such forms of government settled as should fully secure the religion, freedom, and trade of the Scottish nation. (Stanhope, p. 89.)

In September the Duke of Queensbury informed the House that her Majesty refused her royal assent to this act, and immediately prorogued Parliament. On the 6th of July, 1704, the Estates met again, and again passed the obnoxious bill. But on this occasion Godolphin advised the queen to give way. Lord Stanhope thinks he was wrong, and says that "a more resolute prime minister would have refused the royal assent a second time." But both Mr. Elliot and Mr. Burton see in it a master stroke of policy, by which Godolphin saw that the union would eventually be secured. Burton says Godolphin was not frightened at the act, for he saw that the probable rupture between England and Scotland would make England more inclined to those commercial concessions which the Scotch still demanded. Mr. Elliot describes it as an act of statesmanship which, for its success and daring, is almost without parallel in English history. These are rather tall words, it is true. But they are nearer the mark than Lord Stanhope's, who himself indeed seems to have caught glimpses of the truth, when his favorite creed of Godolphin's timidity was not in question.

Godolphin, it will be seen, resolved to use the Act of Security as a lever for extorting the union; to hoist his opponents with their own petard. This does not seem very like the policy of a man in his dotage; on the contrary, he proceeded with great boldness and decision. He knew well enough that his assent to the Scotch act would bring down a storm of reproaches on him in the House of Commons; but his courage never seems to have faltered: —

There are positive as well as presumptive reasons for conjecturing, that the Act of Security was advised by him as a portion of a premeditated scheme which was to lead to a Union. The Act of Security was no sooner passed, than Godolphin warmly supported a measure introduced into the English Parliament, which in the first place empowered the

Queen to appoint commissioners to consider a Union, and in the next declared that, until the Crown of Scotland was settled in the same manner as the Crown of England, natives of Scotland should not be permitted to inherit lands in England; that wool, horses, arms, and ammunition, should not be imported from England into Scotland; and that linen cloth, black cattle, sheep, coals, and salt, should not be exported from Scotland into England. The Act was designed to bring about a crisis, and it admirably answered its purpose. (Elliot, p. 287.)

England and Scotland began to make preparations for war. In the northern counties the militia were called out; Carlisle, Tynemouth, and Newcastle were put in a state of defence. Civil war seemed imminent. But the two countries came to their senses in time. When both were brought face to face with the immediate consequences of obstinacy, they gave way. The English yielded on the commercial and fiscal question. The Scotch accepted the act of settlement, and the Union became an accomplished fact.

It certainly seems to us, on a calm review of the whole circumstances of the case, that Godolphin acted the part of a true statesman in the conduct of the Act of Union, and that without the help of his sagacity and equanimity it would never have been carried. He is said to have been a timid man, yet in this instance his timidity is not very manifest. If a second refusal of the Act of Security could have raised a storm in Scotland, the assent to it did raise a storm in England, which was far more dangerous to Godolphin.

It is often forgotten — it is perhaps indeed not generally known, and is not mentioned by Mr. Elliot — that while Scotland was fighting against a union with England, Ireland was asking for it. The refusal of the Irish petition in 1703 is a notable incident in the career of Godolphin, who on this occasion was probably overridden by the English commercial interest, as Mr. Pitt was eighty years afterwards; but the loss of this one opportunity which never returned, is a blot on Queen Anne's government.

Following Mr. Elliot, we have stated that Godolphin's purpose on becoming prime minister was to continue the system of government pursued by William III. We are not sure that the statement requires no modification; but assuming it to be substantially correct, we may proceed with our enquiry into the nature and working of that system. William III., in spite of the murmurs of the Whigs, insisted upon choosing his own ministers, and

choosing them indiscriminately from both the great parties in the State. To this policy he was impelled, not more by the determination to maintain his own prerogative, than by the necessity of preventing the Revolution from seeming to be the act of a party. When two parties combine for any common end, it is not necessary that they should both think exactly alike about it, or even be equally well affected towards it. The one may regret the change which they allow to be inevitable; the other may receive it with enthusiasm, as the triumph of a theory to which they are devoted in the abstract. But as long as both agree in its practical expediency, and exert themselves with equal honesty to ensure its success, they have a right to be considered fellow-workers in the same cause. Now this is a fair description of the Whig and Tory parties after the Revolution of 1688. But it is not the description which any thorough-paced Whig of that period would have accepted. In his eyes the revolution *was* the act of a party, and that party, as they were entitled to all the credit of it, so were they entitled to all the honors, emoluments, and privileges, which the new system had to bestow. They had taken the fortress and had a right to the prize-money. William III. would not listen to this plea; but with the accession of Anne the struggle began at once; a struggle which, with varying fortunes, has lasted down to our own day.

The object, then, which Marlborough and Godolphin set before themselves, was to establish a system of government in which men of all parties might combine; the sovereign being at liberty to appoint them at her own discretion. They would have no "proscription," a system which, according to Bolingbroke, was the only thing which kept Jacobitism alive after 1714. Both sides were to be invited to serve under the new constitution, if they chose to do so. This was the scheme which Godolphin had in his mind's eye when he entered on his duties; and this is the scheme which Mr. Elliot pronounces, *ex cathedra*, to be impossible as much then as now, and now as then.

There are two errors, says Lord Macaulay, against which we should be particularly on our guard: one is the judging of the present by the past; the other, the judging of the past by the present. The former, he says, is the more dangerous to a statesman; the latter, to an historian. And it is this error into which Mr. Elliot falls. He seems to think that government

without party was impossible two hundred years ago, because it is impossible now; forgetting that it is just the usage of these two hundred years which has made it seem impossible now. We must remember that in Anne's reign all precedent, as far as there was any precedent applicable to the question, was in Godolphin's favor. Government by party, not government without it, was then the experiment. But waiving this argument, and granting that there are two distinct parties in the country, the one inferentially favorable to organic change, the other opposed to it; still there is a vast field of activity lying outside the boundaries of this original antagonism, in which both may work together without coming into serious collision, or into collision of any kind founded on their respective principles. We say there is no reason in the nature of things why, under these circumstances, the ministers of the crown should not be taken equally from both parties. Between the accession of George I. and the accession of George IV. there were long intervals of quiet, when either no party in the country desired to touch our institutions, or when the desire, if it existed, was common to both parties. These were times when Godolphin's system would not have been found impossible, but for certain vested interests which had grown too strong to be resisted.

Now what Mr. Elliot seems unable to see is this, that Godolphin failed, not because his plan was essentially impracticable, but because the time for the attempt was ill chosen. The reign of Anne was not one of those periods of quiet which we have just described. In the reign of Anne the original antagonism between Whig and Tory, instead of being in abeyance, was in full blaze. Tories and Whigs were opposed to each other on first principles; or, what comes to just the same thing, they thought so. When the Tories sincerely believed that the Whigs were in alliance with a party who were bent on overthrowing the Church of England, and perhaps in the long run the monarchy; and when the Whigs believed that the Tories would repeal the Toleration Act, and, without being regular Jacobites, would be ready enough to set aside the Act of Settlement, it is easy to understand that men like Nottingham and Bromley could not long sit in the same government with men like Halifax and Wharton. These mutual suspicions were, if not justifiable, excusable. One side could quote the reign of Charles I., the other the reign of

Charles II., to support their apprehensions. What the Whigs had done at the earlier and the Tories at the later period, they might do again. The firm establishment of the Hanoverian monarchy, and Walpole's concordat with the Church of England, took the edge off the quarrel. But, while it lasted, it may be frankly owned that it required a much stronger will and stronger character than either Queen Anne's or Godolphin's to keep a mixed Cabinet together. William III., besides his intellectual and moral superiority, could always frighten the Whigs by the threat of resignation. But Queen Anne had no such weapon in reserve; and though she had authority enough to break through the meshes woven round her by the oligarchy, and to maintain the right to choose her ministers, she did not succeed, perhaps hardly wished to succeed, in governing without party.

But this is no proof that party government, as it exists among us at the present day, was under all circumstances inevitable then, or is absolutely ineradicable now. The Whigs during their long term of ascendancy riveted the yoke upon our shoulders; and we have got used to it as horses get used to the collar. But whether the chariot of the State can be drawn by no other means less cumbersome, less mischievous, and less at variance with modern ideas, is a question that will some day arise; if not in this generation, almost certainly in the next.

One word more. "The queen," says Mr. Elliot, "had still to learn the lesson which a history of many years was insufficient to impress upon her successor, George III., that the strength of the crown is as nothing compared to the strength of a triumphant party." The history of many years certainly *was* insufficient. George III. wrestled with a triumphant party and threw it. If ever there was a triumphant party, it was the coalition which deposed Lord Shelburne. Yet the king crumpled it up in his hand, when he found a fit minister to help him. Of course there must be an appeal to the people afterwards; and so in Anne's reign, after she dismissed the Junto in 1710, she immediately dissolved Parliament. But Sir Robert Peel, surely a moderate, practical, cautious, and constitutional statesman, was prepared to go further than this, and even in a reformed House of Commons to carry on the king's government in the face of a triumphant party, and after a dissolution had failed to give him a majority. He was beaten; but that he

should have thought such a plan possible in 1835, proves that it could hardly have been utterly impossible in 1702. If what Mr. Elliot means is, that Anne and George III. had to learn by experience that they could not govern permanently in defiance of a majority of the House of Commons, the sufficient answer is that neither Anne nor George III. ever tried to do so.

Godolphin, Carteret, Chatham, Shelburne, Pitt, Canning, and Peel, are the line of ministers who at various times, and with different degrees of perseverance and success, have fought against "that thing called connection," and have shown that it is not indomitable. Ranke observes, that in 1710 the Whig chain was broken, and "that the queen attempted to break it, and succeeded in doing so, gives her reign a very strongly marked character in English history."

In Godolphin's first administration, the great majority were Tories of the deepest dye. The Earl of Nottingham, the Earl of Rochester, Sir Charles Hedges, the Marquis of Normanby, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Jersey, Sir Edward Seymour, Sir John Levison Gower, Sir Simon Harcourt, were all decided "Highflyers;" while on the other hand the names of Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, and Lord Orford were omitted from the new Privy Council. But the first symptom of dissension came from the Tories themselves. Lord Rochester, who was lord-lieutenant of Ireland, complained from the first that the government was not sufficiently homogeneous. He wished for an entire change of men, from the highest to the lowest, extending even to the judges and lord lieutenants, and made himself so generally disagreeable that Godolphin was obliged to get rid of him. He was ordered to go back to Ireland. When he refused, the command was repeated in a much more peremptory tone, and Rochester at once resigned.

But more changes were to follow. Godolphin's Cabinet—for that is the most convenient name by which to designate it—underwent two separate reconstructions; one in 1704, when the high Tories were exchanged for moderate Tories; and another in 1708, when the moderate Tories were exchanged for Whigs. The first reconstruction was mainly owing to the discontent of the High Church and Cavalier party with Godolphin's attitude towards the Occasional Conformity Bill; the second was mainly owing to the dissension between Harley and the prime minister. The first disruption was accel-

erated probably by Godolphin's encouragement of the insurgent Protestants in the Cevennes, who were "in arms against their lawful sovereign;" but the Church question was the main factor in the case. Nottingham and his party worried Godolphin on both subjects till he grew heartily sick of them as colleagues, and began to turn his thoughts elsewhere. Of the Occasional Conformity Bill it is enough to say at present, that it was a bill to prevent the Test Act from being evaded by a subterfuge certainly not entitled to any great consideration; but with which, as a matter of prudence, Godolphin would rather not have interfered. The bill was brought in, three sessions in succession, 1702, 1703, 1704, and was thrown out in the Lords after being carried in the Commons. And when on the last occasion an attempt was made by the Highflyers to tack it on to a money bill, the epithets of Tackers and Non-tackers, so prevalent for a time in the political literature of the day, first came into use. The government resistance to this attempt occasioned the first division in the Tory camp, the Highflyers mostly voting for the tack, and the more moderate men against it. Godolphin, who had always given the bill a reluctant support, both spoke and voted against the bill, which was then dropped for several years, and eventually was only carried by a very discreditable intrigue. Godolphin's conduct in this matter had damped the devotion of the Church party, and had shaken the confidence of the queen, who never, according to Swift, regarded him with the same feelings after 1704; and had Lord Nottingham played his cards better, he might possibly have stepped into Godolphin's place. But Nottingham committed the error of attempting to coerce the sovereign, who promptly sent him about his business; though Anne was far more in sympathy with his views than with those of Godolphin. Nottingham told her Majesty roundly, that she must choose between the two parties; that if she chose the Whigs, he and his party would resign; and that if she chose the Tories, she must dismiss the Dukes of Devonshire and Somerset. To choose between the two parties, in this sense of the word, was just what the queen and Godolphin did not wish to do; and they acted promptly and wisely. The queen at once dismissed Lord Jersey and Sir Edward Seymour, and then Nottingham himself, who had hoped for better things, retired also.

As both Godolphin and Marlborough

still wished to keep a Tory preponderance in the Cabinet, Nottingham was succeeded by Mr. Harley, then speaker, and afterwards Lord Oxford; Lord Jersey, by the Earl of Kent; Sir Edward Seymour, by Sir Thomas Mansell; while a smaller Highflyer, Blathwayte, made room for Henry St. John as secretary at war. Early in the following year the Duke of Buckingham, who, though a Non-tacker, still belonged to the party of Nottingham and Rochester, was deprived of the privy seal, which was given to the Duke of Newcastle, a Whig.

Thus Godolphin was gradually imparting to the administration that mixed or independent character which both he and Marlborough designed it to assume. But the prime minister was a man to walk warily. A general election would take place in the summer, and he held his hand till public opinion had declared itself. But the Tory party was now divided. The Church question then, as throughout the reign of Queen Anne, dominated every other in the country at large. The clergy and the High Church party in general were dissatisfied with the government, and either stood aloof altogether, or gave a very lukewarm support to the ministerial candidates. The result was that the Whigs gained largely at the polls, and when the composition of the new house was determined, Godolphin found it quite safe to admit Lord Sunderland and Lord Cowper into the government. The latter received the great seal in place of Sir Nathan Wright, and was the first lord chancellor of Great Britain. The former was contented for the present with a diplomatic appointment, but in the following year was made secretary of state.

History it is certain very often does repeat itself; with a difference. Have we not seen almost exactly the same sequence of events repeated in our generation? The memory of the days when the alienation of the High Church party from the Conservative party prevented the latter from obtaining a majority at the polling-booths, both in the late Lord Derby's lifetime and subsequently, will enable us to realize very vividly what was going on in England in the middle of Queen Anne's reign.

The government had now been brought to very nearly the exact pattern which Godolphin wished it to retain; but Harley and St. John, though willing enough to displace men like Nottingham and Jersey, were still decided Tories, and looked very coldly on the new Whig appointments.

The conduct of the war, after the failure of the negotiations in 1706, created a fresh division in the government; for Godolphin, as we have seen, had felt himself obliged to fall in with the Whig conceptions of the war, to which St. John, Harley, and their party, together with many of the Highflyers, were as strongly opposed as he was himself, without the same reasons for dissembling.

Between Harley and Godolphin, moreover, there was never any real cordiality. It is said that they quarrelled about the good graces of Fanny Oglethorpe, a young lady of wit and beauty, but of very doubtful reputation. Bolingbroke, who knew her well both in London and Paris, couples her with Mrs. Trant, whose reputation was not doubtful at all. She was a well known Jacobite partisan, and formed one of the little Paris circle so humorously described in the letter to Sir William Wyndham. She was well connected, being a daughter of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, a member of the House of Commons, and sister of the famous General Oglethorpe. But from the manner in which she is spoken of we are led to conclude that she was a lady of gallantry; and in 1705 she was in England on some Jacobite errand, when both the prime minister and the secretary of state became enamored of her.

But Godolphin had grounds for distrusting his new colleague. It soon appeared to the prime minister that the secretary of state was making a party for himself. He was the close ally of Mrs. Masham, the queen's new favorite, and the enemy of Marlborough and Godolphin's interest; and through her he conveyed his secret counsels to her Majesty. These for the most part related to Church questions, on which he took care to flatter her Majesty's prejudices, and it seems plain that he was endeavoring to gain for himself that place in the confidence of the Church which Godolphin had lost. He took care to represent the Whigs to the queen in the most unfavorable colors, and to insinuate that Godolphin was ratting. In Parliament he was equally troublesome. Yet he still continued secretary of state, and was able to mortify the Whigs still more before they ultimately got the better of him.

In the summer of 1707 affairs came to a crisis. The two sees of Exeter and Chester became vacant, and the queen filled them up without taking the opinion of any of her ministers on the subject. Godolphin believed that Harley had sug-

gested this step to her. But he had probably gone no further than to give her some general advice with regard to the exercise of her prerogative. She assured the Duke of Marlborough that the act was entirely her own; adding that she felt bound to fill the bench with men who, she thought, would be a credit to it, and not always to take the recommendations of the Junto. The Junto at this time consisted of five great Whig peers — Somers, Halifax, Orford, Wharton, and Sunderland. These men were all furious. They declared that they must withdraw their support from the government unless the queen consented to act in obedience to their views. Even when the unfortunate lady did make some concessions, they would not be satisfied without the dismissal of Harley. Godolphin shrank from putting the necessary pressure on his sovereign, and as a matter of course drew down their wrath upon himself.

Now, therefore, and not for the only time in Queen Anne's reign, the Junto sought an alliance with the discontented Tories, and when Parliament met on the 23d of October, 1707, instead of an answer to the address from the throne, the House of Lords passed a resolution declaring that the state of the nation required consideration. Godolphin was obliged to give way, and it was moved by the Junto that a committee should be named to receive proposals for the encouragement of trade, and of privateers in the West Indies, an implied reproach to the board of admiralty, of which the queen's husband was at the head. Godolphin again submitted, and the committee was selected. Then the Whig leaders, with the assistance of their temporary allies, proposed and carried two resolutions in regard to the conduct of the war, which conveyed an indirect censure on the government, and not till these blows had been struck, was the answer to the address voted.

Godolphin now saw that the Junto were in earnest, and that the time had arrived when the "system" upheld by himself and Marlborough must be abandoned in favor of the Whigs. Godolphin, accordingly, in an evil hour for himself and his own fortunes, consented to become their tool, and to force his royal mistress to part with her confidential servant. Some suspicion being opportunely thrown on Harley's loyalty by the conduct of one of his clerks, of which, however, he was subsequently proved innocent, Marlborough and Godolphin set to work at once. Finding the queen firm, they had

recourse to their favorite threat of resignation, but even against this her Majesty was proof; and, strange to say, Marlborough and Godolphin did not resign. But the Junto were determined that Anne should bend her neck to the yoke. On Sunday, the 8th of February, a Cabinet Council was to meet, at which the queen as usual would preside. Marlborough and Godolphin told her that they did not mean to attend unless Harley was dismissed. The queen took no notice of the threat, and went as usual. But when Harley began business, the Duke of Somerset declared that it was impossible to proceed in the absence of the two chiefs. The queen rose and left the council, uncertain, probably, what course she should adopt. But Harley understood the situation, and saw that the pear was not ripe. He tendered his resignation, and advised the queen to submit. She had, in fact, no alternative; and on the 4th of February, 1708, the change was made. Harley, St. John, Harcourt, and Mansel, all retired together; and were succeeded by Henry Boyle, Robert Walpole, Earl Cholmondeley, and Sir James Montagu, all zealous Whigs.

This was the second reconstruction of the Godolphin ministry, which was now as decidedly Whig as in 1702 it had been Tory. It had passed through an intermediate phase, in which Godolphin would have wished to keep it. But the political passions of the period were too fierce to admit of such a system, and after a brief trial it was relinquished. What Godolphin really meant may fairly be inferred from his letter to William III. But what was possible under William was not possible under Anne. What Godolphin might have done, and in doing would have been faithful to his own convictions, was to reject the Whig dictation, and resign with Harley and St. John. In that case he would probably have come back again in two years, more powerful than ever. But Godolphin was not given to looking ahead. To him, says Lord Stanhope, the nearer danger always seemed to be the worse.

The queen was deeply wounded. She seems to have had a personal regard for Harley, whose "facetiousness," according to Somerville, she greatly relished. Of the quality of Harley's humor, Bolingbroke speaks in sufficiently contemptuous tones: "He broke now and then a jest, which savored of the Inns of Court, and the bad company in which he had been bred." The Templars of that day, be it remembered, are not treated with much

respect by either Pope or Addison; so that Bolingbroke's sarcasm is intelligible. However, these ill-bred jests found favor at court; and Harley after his retirement seems to have continued in the queen's confidence.

But the Whigs had not done with her yet. The general election of 1708 had given them a decisive majority, and they at once determined to give her Majesty no quarter. They began by demanding that the Earl of Pembroke should be dismissed from the presidency of the Council in favor of Lord Somers. Again the queen refused, and again the Whigs had recourse to violence. They intrigued with the Jacobites to secure a majority of anti-ministerialists among the sixteen Scottish peers about to be elected at Holyrood. When they failed in this, they threatened the queen with bringing over the electoral prince of Hanover, a proposal which they knew to be eminently disagreeable to her; and finding that even this did not answer, they declared that, if she did not yield, they would, as soon as Parliament met, bring a motion of censure on Prince George of Denmark, then upon his death-bed, for mismanagement of the navy. Before this atrocious menace the queen's fortitude gave way. Somers became president of the Council, and Wharton lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and, on her husband's death, Lord Pembroke was transferred to the Admiralty. The arrangement lasted one year; and then Pembroke retired with a pension, and was succeeded by the Earl of Orford.

The transformation was now complete. The Tories were stamped out. The queen, after reaching the verge of emancipation, had been thrown back into captivity.* And Godolphin at last was thoroughly broken in, and the very humble servant of the oligarchy. But the triumph had been bought dear. It had cost the victorious party the confidence of the Church. It had disgusted the majority of the people, who still respected the authority of the crown, and resented the insults which the Whigs had offered to a woman. The war was fast ceasing to be popular. And the tide would soon have turned, even had the government not been tempted, mainly we believe by Godolphin himself, to commit political suicide.

It was in the month of October, 1709, that Lord Orford was placed at the head of the Admiralty; and it was on the 5th of November that Sacheverell's sermon

* Somerville.

was preached before the lord-mayor. Godolphin had often been likened to Ben Jonson's Volpone. Sacheverell denounced what he considered to be Godolphin's apostasy, who, after having been the leader of the Tories and the professed friend of the Church of England, had gone over to the enemies of both, under this obnoxious nickname. "It is not an open enemy that has done me this dishonor, but it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend." Godolphin's opposition to the Occasional Conformity Bill was now read in the light of his junction with the Whigs, and men said it was only what might have been expected of him. Godolphin felt the taunt and lost his temper. He pronounced eagerly for Sunderland's proposal, namely, that Sacheverell should be impeached, and thus precipitated the catastrophe which need not have occurred till after the next general election.

Sacheverell was impeached and convicted, and at once became a popular martyr. Hoadley, his pulpit rival, an extreme Low Churchman, was made a Whig hero, and recommended to the queen for high preferment. The action against Sacheverell had driven the ultra-High Churchmen, already hostile to the government, into furious opposition; the exaltation of Hoadley equally inflamed the rest; and the two together constituted four-fifths of the Church of England. The people everywhere espoused the same side; all through the winter the feeling continued to grow, and the queen at length saw that she might safely strike the blow which, we may well believe, she had been long burning to deliver. One by one the leading Whig ministers were dismissed. First, in the middle of April, went the Marquis of Kent, lord chamberlain, who had come in as a moderate Tory in 1704, but was now a Godolphinite Whig. He was ordered to break his staff, as less painful to his feelings than giving it up. He did so, in a rage; and threw the pieces into the fire. Sunderland went next; and then came Godolphin's own turn. Somers, Halifax, Cowper, and Harcourt, and the leading men of that particular connection. These changes were all going on during the summer of 1710. On the 21st of September Parliament was dissolved, and a powerful Tory majority was once more returned.

Mr. Froude speaks of this "as a strange

freak of popular feeling." There is surely nothing either strange or freakish about it. The Whig majorities of 1705 and 1708 were due entirely to the divisions in the Tory party. In 1710 these had disappeared, and the party was once more firmly welded together, with the whole influence of the court on their side. They went to the country with a popular cry, which, always effective in the quietest times, was rendered doubly so by the trial of Sacheverell. The dissolution was an appeal from the queen to her subjects, against the dictation of the Whigs; an appeal from the friends of the Church, to be delivered from the yoke of those who were believed to be the enemies of the Church. The Tories were the peace party, and the country was tired of the war; and, with these mingled recommendations to popular support, the triumph of the new government was a foregone conclusion. The Tory majority of 1710 was so far from being "a freak," that in 1713 it was renewed; and in 1716 the government was obliged to pass the Septennial Act, to prevent it from being renewed again. It was not till Sir Robert Walpole came to an understanding with the Church, on what Lord Beaconsfield called "the best-bargain principle," that the Tories ceased to be formidable.

The key to the whole situation was the Church question, and unless we recognize this truth, we shall never understand the history of that period. During the thirty years that followed the Revolution, the mission of the Tory party was the defence of the Church of England. That there was a party in the country which would have willingly made great alterations in her constitution and ritual, is as certain as that the bulk of the nation was devotedly attached to both. The Tory party was therefore in this respect the national party; and it is idle to say that their vigilance was unnecessary, because no attack was made, or that nothing was intended, because nothing was done. Who shall say that it was not the consciousness of a strong Tory party existing throughout the whole kingdom, ready to rise as one man in defence of the Church, that kept her enemies inactive? Whether the undisputed supremacy of the Church of England throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century was for good or for evil; whether the "sober piety" which she is thought to have fostered be a subject for reverence or derision; whether the affection and respect which she inspired in the people was due to her own merits

or to their ignorance, — however these questions may be answered, the fact that she has come down to us as she now is, and that we have preserved intact her ordinances, ceremonies, and liturgy, is due to the Tory party under William, Anne, and George I.

Nothing in Godolphin's career became him so little as the ending of it. He clung to power with a tenacity which seems to have excited the contempt of some of his colleagues; and it is said that he implored the Dutch and Austrian ambassadors to intercede for him. According to Mr. Elliot, Godolphin was only too glad to go, and his attempts to retain office were solely on account of the Duke of Marlborough, and contrary to his own intentions. We should be glad to think that this was true; and we can, indeed, easily believe that anxiety for his friend's interests was coupled with anxiety for his own, for Godolphin does not seem to have been either a heartless or a selfish man. To speak positively about the motives and conduct of a man who lived two hundred years ago; to call one thing incontestably right, and another thing incontestably wrong, is not only presumptuous, but silly. Apparently, there was some want of dignity in Godolphin's retirement from power; and he did not take any leading part in public affairs afterwards. He was dismissed on the 8th of November, 1708, and he died at Holywell House, Marlborough's seat, near St. Albans, on the 15th of September, 1713.

Of his public character very different estimates have been formed. M. Remusat likens him to Chatham; but there is more resemblance between Lord Liverpool and Lord Godolphin, than between Godolphin and any other English minister. If we add to the financial abilities, the gravity, the modesty, and the conciliatory manners of Lord Liverpool, the sporting and amatory propensities of Lord Palmerston, we have Godolphin before us.

To what extent his Jacobitism extended we shall never know, till the family archives mentioned by Mr. Elliot are explored, if we do then. He is reported to have told Lord Arran, the Jacobite agent, that, if he had been left alone, he could have restored James III. at the death of Queen Anne without any help from France. The violence of the high Tories, he used to say, drove him into the arms of the Junto. But what he could have done, and what he would have done, are two different things. The worst charge ever brought against him in his public capacity

is his privity to an alleged plot, in which Prince Eugene was the chief figure, the object of which was to get up a riot in London, set fire to St. James's Palace, and carry off the queen to France. Swift professes to believe it, and we are to suppose from him that Harley believed in it too. But most modern historians have agreed to treat it with contempt.

Whatever blame may attach to Godolphin on the score of political dishonesty, it is not denied that from the corruption and nepotism, which were hardly thought vices in the reign of Queen Anne, he was honorably free. Burnet speaks of his having been thirty years at the Treasury, and nine years at the head of it, without ever being accused of a job. He praises his "clear head and unsullied integrity," and calls him "the worthiest and wisest man that has been employed in our time." Horace Walpole says much the same of him, and a foreign statesman declared he was the only honest man in a Cabinet of rogues. He seems to have lived two different lives. At the Treasury or in Parliament, he was the heavy, sagacious, wary man of business, immersed in finance, and seemingly wedded to his duties. But admirably as he discharged them, his heart was not really in his work. His heart was on the race-course, or at the gaming-table, or else with the Cynthia of the minute. We wonder that Mr. Elliot forgot to quote the lines of Pope, familiar as they are to every student of the period:—

Who would not praise Patritio's high desert,
His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all interests weighed,
All Europe saved, for Britain not betrayed?
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.

This tribute to Godolphin's political honesty from Pope, who was the friend of Harley, is especially valuable, and decidedly outweighs "Sid Hamet's Rod," perhaps the poorest satire which Swift ever wrote.

The minister was at Newmarket when he heard of the queen's dismissal of Lord Kent, and the appointment of the Duke of Shrewsbury. But he only wrote to her from the spot; he did not think it necessary to come to town. Swift says that love and play were his two master passions, and that in them alone he was ambitious of distinction. He was often in earlier days to be found in the Duchess of Mazarin's drawing-room; and he had some pretension to the character of a man of wit and pleasure. "He could scratch out

a song," says Swift, "in praise of his mistress with a pencil and a card." He is said to have formed a romantic attachment for Mary of Modena, whose chamberlain he had been in early days; and when the opportunity occurred, he used to send her little presents to Paris, "such things as ladies like," says the same diarist — whatever that may mean.

We have to thank Mr. Elliot for a very interesting book, though there are many questions in which we cannot entirely agree with him; more particularly the question of party government in the reign of Anne, and the scheme of Godolphin and Marlborough for superseding it. It appeared to some of the ablest heads of that day, that parties ought to have expired at the Revolution, and were kept alive by artificial means afterwards. This was Lord Bolingbroke's view; and a view which had practically in its favor two such heads as Bolingbroke's and Marlborough's, can hardly have been the absurdity which Mr. Elliot represents it.

From The Argosy.

JACK'S NIECE.

A CAB drew up in front of the officers' quarters in Overbridge Barracks one cold December evening, and a young lady leant out of the window and spoke to a man standing near.

"Does Captain Kerr live here?" she asked.

"Yes, miss," answered the man; "and I'm his servant. But the captain's at mess just now."

"Oh, dear! how unfortunate! I suppose I must come in and wait. Please have my boxes taken in and pay the cab."

This being done, Private Jones, looking somewhat surprised, notwithstanding his natural stolidity, ushered the visitor into his master's sitting-room, poked the fire and said, —

"Shall I let the captain know you're here, miss?"

"When does he come back from mess, generally?"

"He'll be back early to-night, miss, for he bid me keep up a good fire, as he was coming to write letters after dinner."

"Then I will wait." And taking off gloves, hat, and jacket, the girl drew a comfortable-looking armchair near the fire and sat down — presently falling into a gentle slumber; the result, no doubt, of the warmth after the cold air outside.

When Jack Kerr returned from mess, at a comparatively early hour, he was surprised to find the passage he shared with several brother officers blocked up with trunks, and he wondered "which of the fellows" they could possibly belong to.

"Whose are these, Jones?" he asked, seeing his servant standing near.

"The young lady's sir." And noticing his master's inquiring look, added, "The young lady in your room, sir."

"The *what* — What do you mean? Young lady in *my* room? What are you talking about?" And without waiting for any answer, Captain Kerr pushed open his door, and there —

He could scarcely believe his eyes. In front of the fire sat a girl of eighteen or thereabouts, asleep in his armchair; two tiny feet in a dainty pair of buttoned boots reposed on the fender, and altogether she had the air of being thoroughly at home. Jack's eyes opened, his jaw fell, and all he could say was, "Good gracious! why —"

At this the sleeper awoke, and catching sight of the new-comer, jumped up and exclaimed, —

"Here I am, Uncle Jack! Are you not surprised to see me?" Then, seeing his look of blank astonishment, added: "I'm your niece, Daisy; your sister Mary's daughter."

"My sister Mary's daughter!" repeated Jack, still feeling very much at sea.

"Yes; mamma said she would write to you, but I suppose she has not done so yet. She is always putting off things."

"I have not heard from my sister for years," said Jack, still looking bewildered.

"No. I call it quite shameful the way mamma has dropped out of sight of all her people. But, you see, papa has been such a rolling stone ever since we went to America —"

"America! Why, it was to Australia Mary went."

"Oh, Uncle Jack, we've been in America for years, and I certainly thought mamma had written to you since then. I see I shall have to give you all the family history. Papa found he could not get on well in Australia, and, hearing of an opening in California, we — that is he, mamma, the boys, and me — all migrated there. After that we stayed in several places; and now papa has at last found a very good berth in New York."

"And where have you come from now, and how did you find me?"

"Well, you see, I had never been in England; and last year a great friend of

mine, Alice Lee, married an Englishman, Mr. Dene, and came over. A short time ago she wrote and begged me to come and pay her a visit, and after a great deal of persuasion, papa and mamma let me do so. Mr. and Mrs. Carter were coming in the Ocean Queen, and took charge of me on the voyage. Alice was to meet me at Liverpool. But when we got there, I found a letter from her saying Mr. Dene's father was dying, and they had been telegraphed for. So as they could not meet me, I was to go straight to Feltham Park and stay till they returned. I just hated the idea of that, and thought I wouldn't go if I could help it. While thinking what to do, I happened to see in a newspaper that the 50th Regiment was at Overbridge, and, as I knew mamma's brother was in that regiment, I said to myself, 'I'll go and look up Uncle Jack.' At first the Carters rather objected and said I ought to go to Feltham and write to you from there; but I felt it would be such a waste of time and so dreary in a strange place alone, so I came straight here. The Carters had to pass Overbridge on their way to London, and I came with them so far. And here I am, and I hope you're glad to see me, Uncle Jack."

Poor Jack's puzzled countenance certainly did not express much joy. It is rather trying to have a niece, whose existence has hitherto been unknown to one, suddenly come up and plant herself on one's hands in such a summary fashion; very embarrassing to a bachelor officer living in quarters; and this Jack felt most decidedly.

Daisy watched his face anxiously and then exclaimed: "Don't say you're not pleased to see me, Uncle Jack. Do you know you're ever so much younger and nicer-looking than I expected, and I felt as soon as I saw you that I should have a happy time with you."

Good-natured Jack Kerr was not proof against this piece of flattery from a very pretty girl, whether she might chance to be his niece or no; so he smiled and said: "Well, you see, Daisy, it's rather awkward, because, to tell the truth, I don't know what to do with you. You can't stay here."

"Oh, why not, Uncle Jack? It would be such fun."

"Impossible! Why, I've only two rooms, and this is the bachelor officers' quarters. No lady *could* stay here. So we must think of some place to take you to, at once. It is very late to go to an hotel, and I don't like the idea of your being

at one alone — and — and — Well, this is the rummest go!" Jack murmured ruefully to himself, "and I *don't* know what to do." He certainly looked the very picture of embarrassment.

Daisy also looked grave. "I'm afraid I've been very foolish, and am giving you no end of trouble. Perhaps I ought not to have come. Perhaps it was not the right thing to do. But in America we have so much freedom, it never struck me in that light. I think I'd better go off to Feltham by the next train." And Daisy looked inclined to cry.

"Nonsense! Why, my dear child, it's nearly ten o'clock, and you can't travel about by yourself at night. But I do wish you had telegraphed or something, and then I should have been ready with some plan."

"Isn't there anywhere I can go to?" asked Daisy piteously. "I'm so tired, Uncle Jack, and so hungry."

"Hungry! poor child! Well, I can remedy that." And Jack summoned Jones, and despatched that stolid worthy to the mess to order a nice little supper; "Cold chicken or something of that sort and a small bottle of champagne, as quickly as possible."

Jack walked up and down the room, looking much disturbed and racking his brains for some plan as to what to do for this unexpected guest; and Daisy sat by the fire, saying nothing, but with her brown eyes full of unshed tears and a sadly pitiful expression. She did feel she had acted foolishly and impulsively, and was full of remorse.

In a very short time Jones returned with a most dainty little supper on a tray, and, setting it down on the table, asked: "Did you find a note from Major Allarton, sir?"

"Allarton!" cried Jack; "that's it! Eat your supper, Daisy, and don't move till I return. Just stay outside the door, Jones, and don't let a soul come in." And, seizing his cap, Jack tore out of the room, down the stairs and across the barrack square to a large house standing by itself near the gate. Hastily ringing the bell, he asked: "Is Mrs. Allarton at home, and will she see me?"

In a few seconds the servant returned, preceded by Major Allarton. "What's the matter, Jack?" said the latter. "Come in; my wife's in the drawing-room." And, without waiting for an answer to his question, he ushered Jack into a cosy lamp-and-fire-lighted room, where a pleasing-looking lady, no longer very young, rose to greet

him, kindly, but with evident surprise at so late a visit.

Hurriedly Jack told his tale and the predicament he was in.

"I don't know what to do, Mrs. Allarton, so I thought I'd come and ask your advice—it's awfully awkward."

"Bring her here. I will have the spare room made ready at once, and then in the morning we can consider what is best to be done."

"Oh, how good of you!" exclaimed the much-relieved Jack. "But I hardly like to take advantage of your kindness in that way—a girl you've never seen, and know nothing about."

"She's your niece, Jack," answered Major Allarton, "and I hope we're old enough friends to do each other a good turn without either feeling put out about it. Mrs. Allarton is right; bring her here at once."

Jack hurried back to his quarters, and in a very short time reappeared at the hospitable Allartons' house with Daisy—the latter feeling very subdued and rather alarmed at the idea of being handed over to a strange lady. But as soon as she saw kind Mrs. Allarton and heard her pleasant, cheery voice making her welcome, all Daisy's fears evaporated and she was once more the bright and smiling girl Jack had found sitting by his fire. Mrs. Allarton looked approvingly at her pretty young guest in her neat dress and jacket of brown cloth trimmed with otter, with cap and muff to match—all very becoming to the fair young face and neat little figure.

"It is late, my dear, and you will be glad to get to bed, I'm sure, after your journey," said Mrs. Allarton, after they had all sat and talked for a little time, and Daisy had told again how she had come to look for "Uncle Jack."

"You'll come and see me in the morning, Uncle Jack?" asked Daisy as she said good-night; and then standing on tip-toe she rather shyly held up her sweet young face and kissed him. Jack Kerr blushed a fine red, and as Daisy and her hostess left the room, Major Allarton laughed and said: "Never mind, Jack, you'll get accustomed to it, in time. She's a very pretty girl. I shouldn't mind having her for a niece myself! Come and have a smoke." And he led the way to his den, where he and Jack were soon established in two easy-chairs with a tumbler apiece beside them.

"Your niece has gone to bed, Captain Kerr, and is very happy and comfortable,"

said Mrs. Allarton, putting her head in at the door. "Good-night; come as early as you like in the morning."

Daisy awoke after a good night's rest, feeling as fresh as the traditional rose, and appeared at breakfast looking so like one that both Major and Mrs. Allarton lost their hearts to her. Her pleasant, unaffected manner, too, impressed them most favorably—and they both inwardly pronounced Jack's niece "a success."

"Fancy, this is my first breakfast in England!" she cried. "It seems like a dream that I should be here—and oh, how good of you to have me! I felt so frightened and miserable last night when Uncle Jack said he didn't know what to do with me, and now I'm so happy. But—I suppose I must go off to Feltham to-day," she added ruefully.

"No, no," answered kind Mrs. Allarton. "Now you are here you must not hurry away. Until your friends return to Feltham you need not think of going there."

"You're just in time for the ball to-night," added Major Allarton, with a smile.

"A ball! Oh, *may* I go—do you think Uncle Jack will take me?"

"If he won't, I will," said Mrs. Allarton, who could not suppress a smile at the girl's eager face. "But have you a dress ready?"

"Yes; such a nice new white frock! But I want things; gloves, and shoes, a fan, and —"

"I think Overbridge can supply all you need," laughed Mrs. Allarton. "And here comes your uncle."

Once more Daisy caused Jack some embarrassment by bestowing on him a shy kiss, and her face fell as he said,—

"I must make some arrangement to relieve you of this young lady to-day, Mrs. Allarton. I think I had better take her to Feltham Park myself —"

"No, no, Captain Kerr; now she is here, let her stay for a little. I am delighted to have her. And there is the ball to-night; she will enjoy that."

"You're too good! But I don't like —"

"Oh! Uncle Jack, *don't* send me away till the ball!"

"Well, Daisy, as Mrs. Allarton is so kind —"

Everything was soon settled. The Allartons had really taken a fancy to Daisy and were genuinely pleased to have her, and the girl was only too glad to stay with her new friends. Jack went off much relieved; promising to return at twelve o'clock, after his morning duties

had been performed, and take Daisy out shopping.

As they walked back to the Allartons' when shopping was over, they met some people on horseback. "Oh, how I should like a good gallop!" cried Daisy, looking after the riders longingly.

"Do you ride? have you a habit? If so, I'll take you for a turn this afternoon. One of my horses carries a lady."

"Oh! how delightful! There's nothing I like so much as a good ride," answered Daisy eagerly. "I do think you're the very nicest uncle I ever heard of!"

Nothing could have been neater than Daisy in her habit, and her uncle felt a thrill of affectionate pleasure as they set off for a long ride together. "Really, Mary's girl is the jolliest little thing I've ever met, a charming niece, and one a fellow may be proud of," he thought. If there was one thing he was particular about it was how a lady looked on horseback, and Daisy satisfied his fastidious taste in every respect. She sat well too, and seemed to be perfectly at home in the saddle. "I have ridden ever since I was a baby," she said.

Both Jack and Daisy thoroughly enjoyed their ride; a decorous trot till they had left the town behind them, and then a good stirring gallop over the open breezy downs; and as Jack lifted his niece off her horse at the Allartons' door she said: "I *am* having a good time, Uncle Jack. After all it *was* a happy thought of mine, coming to look you up." And Jack answered heartily: "Very glad you did, Daisy, though I fear I did not give you a very warm welcome at first; but 'all's well that ends well,' and, thanks to the Allartons, this has ended capitally."

If Daisy looked well in her habit, in her ball-dress of soft white tulle she looked quite radiant, and Mrs. Allarton was amused to see how all his brother officers came and begged to be introduced to "Jack's niece." The story of her arrival had not leaked out, and Jack had only said his niece was "staying with the Allartons for the ball;" and as Captain Kerr and the Allartons were well known to be great friends, this had occasioned no surprise.

"Hullo! Carr, back in time for the ball after all," said Jack to a tall, dark man, in the uniform of the 50th. "I thought you weren't coming till next week."

"Yes, I am back sooner than I expected, and feel rather out of it, knowing so few people. By Jove! What a pretty

girl in white, talking to Mrs. Allarton; who is she?"

"That's my niece. Come and be introduced."

"She's very like some one I know — and I can't think who it is," said Captain Carr, looking puzzled. "What is her name?"

"Gaskell, Daisy Gaskell; her mother is my sister." And Jack, having by this time reached the end of the room where Mrs. Allarton and Daisy were standing, said to the latter, —

"Daisy, I want to introduce Captain Carr of our regiment to you."

"Another Captain Carr," said Daisy, as she smiled and bowed. "Fancy two in the same regiment."

"Yes, but we don't spell it the same way," said the new-comer; "'KERR' and 'CARR.'"

"Oh, I see; but still it must be confusing sometimes."

"Can you give me a dance?" asked Captain Carr.

"Well — later on perhaps — but you see how full my card is," and she smilingly held up a card covered nearly to the end with initials and hieroglyphics.

"May I have this valse, No. 19, Miss Gaskell?"

Daisy looked up, surprised. "You may have the valse, if you're asking me, Captain Carr, but my name is not Gaskell."

"Not Gaskell? Why, I thought your uncle —"

"No, no," she said, shaking her head and smiling. "I'm sure Uncle Jack never said that was my name —"

"Then may I ask what it is?"

"Douglas, Daisy Douglas," she answered, as she moved away with a partner who had come to claim her.

"Douglas!" repeated Captain Carr, with a look of intense surprise. "How very odd!" And catching sight of Jack Kerr at that moment, he went up to him and said, —

"Look here, Kerr, why did you say your niece's name was Gaskell?"

"Because it is," replied Jack. "Who says it isn't?"

"She does."

"Good gracious! What can she mean? Why, my sister Mary married Archie Gaskell and went off with him to Australia, and last night that little girl turned up here and said she was my sister Mary's daughter. And now — what can she mean? It's some joke, Carr, depend upon it."

"I don't know what to think; but I

don't believe it is a joke. She says her name is Douglas."

"Nonsense! If she's my sister Mary Gaskell's daughter, how *can* her name be Douglas?"

"Jack," said Captain Carr, "I believe there's some mistake. I have a sister Mary who is in America, and is Mrs. Douglas—and it's my belief this is *my* niece, not yours. The moment I saw her I was reminded of some one I knew, and now I've got the clue. She's the image of my sister Mary as I can remember her first when she married Douglas. They went to Australia directly after, and then to California, and I've heard from her at long intervals from America since then. She has one girl and two boys; and, by the way, I believe I'm god-father to one of the latter."

"Carr! Can it be possible? But I do believe you must be right! My sister married when I was quite a boy, and went to Australia, and I never heard she had gone to America till my niece—or—your niece—confound it! I'm getting awfully mixed—told me so last night; and your story tallies exactly with hers. She asked me if I didn't think her like mamma, and I must say nothing could be more *unlike* my recollection of my sister. But this is a go! Who is to tell her? It's very awkward, Carr——"

"Suppose we say nothing about it to-night, and get Mrs. Allarton to tell her to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes," cried Jack, much relieved. "But it *is* awkward! By the way, your name isn't Jack?"

"No, it isn't; but as Adolphus, the hideous name given me by my god-parents, was thought too long and ugly for home use, my people always called me Jack, and I suppose Mary still continues to think of and call me by it. Presently I am to dance with your—no—*my* niece, and I will try to find out all I can from her, so as to be sure there is no mistake *this* time."

Jack Kerr was decidedly uncomfortable at the turn things had taken. In even so short an acquaintance he had grown fond of the bright little girl who came so unexpectedly to claim him as a relation, and he feared the impending revelation would be anything but pleasant to her, and that it would cause much awkwardness. However, if kind Mrs. Allarton would undertake to tell Daisy of her mistake, it would relieve him of a very distasteful task.

Valse No. 19 arrived at last, and Captain Carr claimed his promised partner.

"Are you quite sure of my name now?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes, Miss Douglas. I don't think I shall make any more mistakes. Do you know you are very like a Mrs. Douglas I once knew? What is your father's name?"

"Charles—and my eldest brother is called after him. Number two is Jack, after my uncle—who is mother's only brother. But though he is always called Jack, and my brother had the same name given him, funnily enough, I believe my uncle's real name is Adolphus. But that is *too* dreadful—how would *you* like to have such a name?" and Daisy looked up at him smilingly.

"Not a pretty name, certainly," he answered; and added: "You have never seen your uncle before, I suppose?"

"No; I only arrived from America yesterday, and really I'm quite ashamed to tell you how I came and took Uncle Jack by storm. It was rather awkward, you see, because he did not know where to take me." And then she proceeded to give him an account of her adventures from the beginning; adding, "I can't say how kind dear Mrs. Allarton is. She has made me feel quite at home, and as if I had known her all my life. And Uncle Jack has been so good, and so generous. He gave me this lovely fan, my gloves, my bouquet, and oh, such a lovely necklet!"

Captain Carr smiled rather grimly. He could not but feel that these presents of Jack's would by-and-by add terribly to poor Daisy's discomfort. From what she had told him he could not retain the vestige of a doubt that she was his niece instead of Jack's, and the question arose what was *he* to do with her on the morrow when all was disclosed.

"There's nothing for it but Aunt Adelaide," he thought—this venerable lady being the only available female relation to whom he could take Daisy till her friends at Feltham were ready to receive her. "I fear the poor little girl won't have a very merry time with her, but it would be very embarrassing for her here when she learns her mistake," he reflected.

Meanwhile Daisy, quite unconscious of the bomb-shell that was to explode upon her small head on the morrow, danced gaily, thoroughly enjoying what was really a very good ball. "Jack's niece" was very much admired, and he felt more and more uncomfortable as several of his brother officers congratulated him on his relationship to so charming a young lady. At the beginning of the evening they had

danced together once or twice, but after his talk with Captain Carr, poor Jack had not ventured near Daisy. "I suppose I must call her Miss Douglas now," he thought. "Well, she's a dear little soul, and Carr is to be envied." Each time Daisy passed him she had a bright little nod and word for "Uncle Jack," till at last poor Jack, feeling sadly as if *he* were an impostor, could stand it no longer, but after a few words to Mrs. Allarton, saying he would like to see her alone in the morning, he slipped away to his own rooms.

"What can Captain Kerr have to say to me? I hope he does not really want to take Daisy off to Feltham," said Mrs. Allarton to her husband.

"I don't suppose it's anything very dreadful," he answered. "What a pretty girl she is, and dances like a fairy!"

When, at a very early morning hour, Daisy bade good-night, or rather good-morning, to Mrs. Allarton, she added: "I never, never enjoyed myself so much; but what became of Uncle Jack? I could not find him latterly, and did not see him dancing, and I wanted so much to say good-night, and to thank him for such a lovely day. And oh! he does dance well — I would rather dance with him than with any one."

Next morning Mrs. Allarton was surprised to see Jack and Captain Carr appearing together; the more so as the former had asked to see her alone, and the latter she only knew slightly, as he had been a good deal away from his regiment, on staff employment. But she liked what she did know of him, and greeted them both kindly, waiting to hear what they had to say.

"Mrs. Allarton," began Jack, "I asked to see you this morning, as something rather awkward has transpired. I had better tell you the story from the beginning. You know I have one sister, Mary —"

"Daisy's mother — yes — I know," murmured Mrs. Allarton.

Jack colored and continued. "My sister is much older than I am, and married, when I was quite a boy, Archie Gaskell. They went to Australia, and for some time I heard occasionally from Mary, but gradually our correspondence ceased, and, having no other near relations, I have quite lost sight of her for years. I knew Mary had children, but was immensely surprised, as you know, when my — Daisy — appeared the other night, and told me she was my niece, the daughter of my

sister Mary. It never occurred to me it could be a mistake —"

"Now it is my turn to speak," said Captain Carr. "I, too, have a sister Mary, and she married a mining engineer, Charles Douglas, and went first to Australia, then to America. I hear from her now and then, and in one of her last letters she said something about the possibility of her little girl coming to England to visit friends. When I saw your young guest at the ball last night, her likeness to some one I knew struck me at once. I asked Kerr who she was, and he told me his niece, Miss Gaskell. Afterwards, when introduced to her, I addressed her by that name. She looked surprised, said there was some mistake, for her name was Douglas. And the long and short of it is, we find she is *my* niece, not Jack's, and the similarity of names has led to the mistake."

"Well, this is too amusing!" exclaimed Mrs. Allarton, when she had heard all they both had to say. "But, after all, there is nothing very terrible in the mistake, only I fear it may make Daisy feel rather awkward at first. You had both better stay away till I tell her about it. Your niece is quite safe with me, Captain Carr, and I like her so much for her own sake that this makes no difference about her visit here. I shall be glad to have her as long as she can stay."

Some time later, Daisy having breakfasted and talked the ball well over with her hostess, the latter said, —

"Now, my dear, prepare for a great surprise," and then proceeded to inform her of the mistake she had made.

Poor Daisy! As the truth dawned upon her, the color first rushed in a perfect flood to her cheeks, and then faded away as suddenly, and she exclaimed in a voice of misery, —

"Oh, dear Mrs. Allarton, what *have* I done? How could I make such a dreadful mistake? *Not* my Uncle Jack — and — I've — I've — *kissed* him — oh! — and taken his presents — and — oh dear! I shall die of shame. What must he think of me?" And, bursting into a flood of tears, she buried her burning cheeks in the sofa cushions, while a perfect storm of sobs shook her slight frame.

Mrs. Allarton tried in vain to soothe the poor girl.

"I can never, never see him again," she sobbed. "Oh! let me go away at once, please, dear Mrs. Allarton. I don't want to see either of them again. Oh! what would mamma say?"

Finally Mrs. Allarton sent a note to Captain Carr, asking him to call. When he came, she told him how terribly upset Daisy was.

"I have written to my aunt, Mrs. Barton," he said, "asking her to receive Daisy, her great-niece, for a few days, and begged her to telegraph a reply. As soon as I hear from her, if her answer is in the affirmative, which I have no doubt it will be, I will take Daisy to her at Chester, till she can go to her friends, the Denes. Will you please tell her this, and I will let you know as soon as my aunt's answer comes?"

Thus it was settled. Mrs. Allarton felt there was no use pressing Daisy to prolong her visit under the circumstances; and next morning, a favorable answer to Captain Carr's letter to Mrs. Barton having been received, she left Overbridge with her real uncle.

"Good-bye, my dear, and I hope by-and-by we shall see you again. Don't be too unhappy about a very natural and innocent mistake. You will laugh about it some day, I've no doubt," and Mrs. Allarton smiled as she kissed her departing guest.

"Oh, Mrs. Allarton, I can never see *him* again. He must think me such a terribly bold, forward girl. Good-bye; good-bye, and thank you a thousand times." And Daisy gave a very watery smile of farewell to her kind and hospitable friend.

She felt shy and uncomfortable with the real uncle. Somehow he was much more formidable than Captain Kerr. He was older and graver, and the thought of her awkward mistake had quite subdued poor Daisy; but her uncle was very kind, and made her as comfortable as he could on the journey, though he talked little. As they neared Chester he said, —

"Daisy, I have told Aunt Adelaide nothing except that you have come over from America to visit some friends, that owing to illness in the family they are unable to receive you for a few days, and that you've stayed with friends of mine till I knew she could have you. So you need say nothing about this misunderstanding."

"Thank you, uncle." And then, with a half-sob, she added: "May I call you Uncle Adolphus, please?"

"I thought you objected to the name," he said, laughing. "But you can call me what you like. I suppose you've heard of your great-aunt Adelaide?"

"Yes; mamma has talked of her, and said she was very old and rather cross,

but that she supposed I should have to go to see her before I left England."

In due time Captain Carr and Daisy arrived at Mrs. Barton's abode — and received a rather frosty welcome. The old lady did not like girls, she said, but her nephew was a favorite, and as Daisy came with him, Aunt Adelaide was less chilling than she might otherwise have been.

"Fancy Mary letting you come all the way from America by yourself," she said. "There's no knowing what mischief you might have got into on the way."

Daisy blushed crimson, and could barely falter that Mr. and Mrs. Carter, American friends, had brought her over.

Having seen his niece settled at Mrs. Barton's, Captain Carr returned to Overbridge, feeling it first incumbent on him to say "a word in season." "Let this be a lesson to you, Daisy, not to act on impulse. It *might* have been no end awkward, but Jack Kerr is a thorough good sort, and will never say a word about your mistake to any one. Good-bye; write and tell me when you hear from the Denes."

Certainly life at Aunt Adelaide's was not exciting. Daisy spent a dreary fortnight with her, and then came a letter from her friend Alice, saying that Mr. Dene's father had after all recovered from his dangerous illness, and was well enough for them to leave him, and that she anxiously expected Daisy at Feltham Park. So, bidding Mrs. Barton farewell, Daisy left Chester without any great regret. She had written to her mother a full account of her unhappy mistake, but felt it was unnecessary to tell any one else.

Several weeks passed very pleasantly at Feltham. Alice Dene and Daisy had many things to talk of, old jokes to laugh over, old friends to discuss. Once or twice Daisy felt half tempted to tell her friend of her dreadful mistake at Overbridge, but her courage always failed. The memory of it still made her feel miserable, and even in the privacy of her own room brought hot blushes to her cheeks. Mrs. Dene was delighted to have an opportunity of showing her new home to an old friend, and they rode and drove about together, and, as the neighborhood was a sociable one, there were luncheon and dinner parties to vary the monotony. There was also the county ball to look forward to, when all the houses round would be filled for the occasion. Mrs. Dene had collected a large and merry party of "young men and maidens," and felt that her pretty friend would certainly be one of the belles of the ball.

When the night of the ball arrived, Daisy could not bring herself to wear again the white dress she had worn at Overbridge—it would be too painful, she felt; so she chose a very pale pink, which was almost equally becoming. In a very short time after entering the ballroom her card was nearly filled; the men of the house party all begged for dances, and Daisy was feeling most bright and happy, when suddenly she saw a sight that covered her face with blushes, and almost brought tears to her eyes.

It was only a tall, good-looking, soldierly young man, but her confusion was great as she recognized "Uncle Jack"—no—"Captain Kerr." She hurriedly looked for Mrs. Dene to beg to be allowed to go home—a sudden headache, any plea would do, by which she might effect her escape; but nowhere could she see Alice. She felt miserable, wretched, wished the floor would open and swallow her. "I hope he won't see me," she thought—but at that moment Jack Kerr turned and saw her. A bright smile of recognition lighted up his pleasant face, and, before she could escape, Captain Kerr stood in front of her.

"May I have a dance?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer, took her card and wrote in the first vacant space one word—"Jack"—then bowed and moved on.

Daisy felt that now escape was impossible. She danced each dance, but as the one for which "Jack" had written his name approached, she became more and more silent and nervous, till her partners wondered why Miss Douglas was so absent and preoccupied.

When Captain Kerr's dance began, he silently offered her his arm. They joined at once the throng of valsers, and Daisy could not help enjoying the real pleasure of a good waltz to charming music with a partner whose step suited hers perfectly. At the close of the dance Jack led her into a conservatory.

"Now let us have a talk," he said. First he asked her to tell him all she had been doing since they met, then gave her news of the Allartons, etc. Jack talked so naturally and calmly, that Daisy's shyness soon melted, and she found herself chattering away to him as happily as if the miserable mistake which had caused her such unhappiness had never occurred. As he bade her good-night, later on, he said,—

"I am going to stay for some time in this neighborhood. Will you introduce

me to Mrs. Dene. I want to ask her permission to call."

"Pray do come," Mrs. Dene answered to his request. The handsome, pleasant-mannered young man impressed her favorably at once.

Jack Kerr spent a fortnight in the neighborhood of Feltham, and scarcely a day passed that he did not appear there on some excuse or other. Frank Dene and he found many tastes in common, and several mutual acquaintances, and he was always welcome. Daisy grew, unconsciously, to look eagerly for his coming, and to feel the day dull indeed when he did not appear.

"This is my last day," he said, as they walked together in the garden. Daisy was out gathering snowdrops when he arrived, and he had asked Mrs. Dene if he might go to find her. "Do you know why I came, Daisy?" Then seeing her downcast, blushing face, he continued: "At first I felt very sorry to find out our mistake, but I soon became glad to think you were really not my niece. Do you know why, Daisy?"

She shook her head. "Please don't talk of that dreadful mistake —"

"I was glad, dear, because I felt I wanted you to be something nearer and dearer than a niece. Do you think, Daisy, you can care for me enough to be my little wife?"

Another half-hour in the garden; then Jack said,—

"Good-bye, Daisy, I must go back to Overbridge. Shall I give your love to Mrs. Allarton?"

"Yes, please."

"And I can tell her I'm going to marry 'Jack's niece'!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MINICOY: THE ISLAND OF WOMEN.

AN unbroken strip of dazzlingly white sandy beach, fading out of sight in the dim distances north and south,—a background of dark-green palms fringing the beach, and contrasting vividly with the sandy shore; a few red-tiled or thatched houses peeping sparingly out from amid the dark-green foliage; a whitewashed circular lighthouse tower, reaching above the tall tops of the feathery fringe of palm foliage; low, flat-topped, plateau-like hills, rising inland on the palm-tree screen.

one of them more advanced in position than the others, crowned with feathery casuarina trees, and studded with low, red-tiled, yellow-washed, prim-looking buildings, betokening the presence of that world-wide policeman, the British soldier; other hills of the same kind, lying farther back from the beach, but crowned with the same graceful Australian tree, the sacred tree of the English, as the natives hereabouts regard it, marking the presence, though unseen, of other European houses rising on the hilltops to woo the grateful sea-breeze which is whistling through the rigging of our ship; in the farther distance loftier hills, grass and forest clad, and towering above them all, some twenty miles inland, the Camel's Hump, highest of a line of rugged, forest-clothed mountains, hemming in an outlying mountain buttress of the Western Ghats, with peaks rising to near eight thousand feet above sea-level, — the scene above, imperfectly sketched, gentle reader, is the capital of Malabar, the ancient town of Calicut, and its surroundings, as viewed from the deck of one of the many steamers frequenting its roadstead, under a tropical sun slanting towards the watery horizon in the west.

Look to the right past the mountain buttress above sketched, and in the dim distance you will see a still higher mountainous, flat-topped plateau, with just a peak or two, the rounded Nilagiri bluff, and the sharp-pointed nose of Mukurti, breaking the mountainous line of the western or Kundah edge of the famed Nilagiri plateau.

Beyond that again to the right, the mountain wall is of lower elevation, and that sugar-loaf hill marks the confines of the Silent Valley, where never human habitation now is reared, for the coffee industry has been deluged out of that remote spot, and nought but thorny scrub, with here and there a guava-tree, rapidly reverting to its wild state, remains to mark where the forest giants were laid low to give place to the cool, glossy, dark-green leaves and brilliant scarlet berries of *C. arabica*.

If your eyesight is good, you will see still farther to the right another mass of mountain heights; and in the still more remote distance yet another, indicating that remarkable break in the long chain of the Western Ghats, known as the Palghat Gap, through which road and rail run, connecting the Malayalam-speaking race of Malabar with their Dravidian kinsmen, the Tamils, Telugus, and Canarese, of the east coast of the Indian peninsula.

In the immediate foreground a ship or two swing easily to their anchors, and close inshore lies a whole fleet of lateen sail — native craft, with dipping sharp noses, and elevated sterns of a type that has known no change for centuries.

But where is Calicut? you very justly remark. Well, a city of nigh sixty thousand inhabitants lies comfortably covered up in that dense, palm-foliaged belt.

Calicut, as we have already said, is the metropolis of Malabar, and Malabar reaches far and wide, embracing within its area scattered bits of land stretching over four degrees of latitude, and more than four of longitude. Up in those Ghat ranges you will find, if you care to go at Christmas-time and seek for them, woodcocks and hoarfrost-covered, crisp grasses, and bright, frosty nights. And by way of contrast, away out in the ocean behind us, lie little specks of Malayâli-land amid

the glows

And glories of the broad belt of the world.

It is not, however, with the mountains and forests and broad rich belts of palm-trees on the mainland that we are concerned at the present moment. Steam is up to the required pressure; the chief engineer, in spotless white, is down below in the engine-room, among his grimy and perspiring subs.

"Stand clear there! Give her a turn ahead, and then one astern, just to make sure that all is right."

We feel for one instant the familiar throb of the screw, and then all again is quiet, but for the spasmodic rattle of a donkey-engine forward, hauling steadily away at the anchor-chain as it comes slowly clinking in, link by link, through the hawser-pipe.

"All ready below, sir."

"Thank you."

The skipper and his lieutenant, the third officer, are on the bridge; the chief is forward watching the anchor weighing; the second officer is aft, standing on the bulwarks of the quarter-deck, with his head and shoulders above the awning, watching for a sign from the bridge.

"All right for'ard?"

"All right, sir."

"All right aft?"

"All right, sir."

"Half speed ahead."

The tinkle of the bell in the engine-room is immediately followed by an answering tinkle on the bridge, and we are off.

"No recall signals up at the lighthouse,

eh?" asks the eldest of the party assembled on the quarter-deck of another, who has been busy sweeping the horizon in all directions with a ship's telescope.

"None. The port-admiral has even forgotten to run up good-bye to us."

"No boats with the flag coming out?"

"None."

With a heartfelt sigh of relief, as he takes up the latest novel from the station library, and subsides, with a cheroot in his mouth, into a comfortable canvas-backed ship chair, the questioner adds, "Then farewell to telegrams and *tappals** for a fortnight, and hey for Minicoy and its silken-clad dames!"

The party assembled on the quarter-deck, we may tell you, consists of the collector and some of the district officials of Malabar, outward bound on the annual trip to the Laccadive Islands and Minicoy; and in the fore part of the tight little steamer is clustered a motley crowd of surveyors, medical subordinates, clerks, belted peons, and half a party of that fine body of men, the Malabar Reserve Police, not a man of them under five feet eight inches in height.

As the steamer's bows swing slowly round to two points to the S. of S.W., we begin to realize that our mission lies in that direction. We project our course onwards two hundred and forty-three miles, and there, lying solitary in mid-ocean, directly in the fairway from Aden to Colombo, is a speck of an island, almost invisible on the chart.

That speck on the chart is Minicoy, and the district officers are on their way thither to visit that part of the wide dominions under their control.

Let us follow them in their journey to that speck of coral limestone in mid-ocean, and see what is to be seen, and hear what is to be heard.

"Coral!" Did we catch the word correctly? "Coral island!" Is it that we are bound for? Ah, what delightful memories those two words conjure up, — memories of boyhood, when we read of coral islands and coral reefs in enchanting books, — memories of manhood, too, when coral islands and coral reefs and reef-bound lagoons were realities within our ken!

Now there are at least two ways of inspecting a coral reef. You may walk through the shallow water among "the living mounds of coral," as Mr. Darwin did at Direction Island in the Cocos

group. But that plan we do not recommend. Coral is sharp, and cuts the feet and boots; coral is uneven, and gives the unwary one a fall; coral clings tenaciously to the bottom, and cuts the fingers, — coral, in short, is a stubborn thing, and will not readily yield itself to the investigations of the most eminent of wading philosophers. Naturally, therefore, perhaps Mr. Darwin was in a great measure untouched by the beautiful things that lay among his feet; he admitted, however, that it was excusable to grow enthusiastic about them, while he condemned the "exuberant language" of other naturalists, who possibly took our plan of investigating the wonders of a coral reef. So let us to our plan.

We are not naturalists, except in a general sort of way. We doubt if we could at sight distinguish a *madrepore* from a *millepore*. *Porites*, *astræas*, and *meandrinæ* occupy only waste and neglected spots in our cerebral tissue. But we have an eye for beauty of coloring and form; and variety of type combined with radiant loveliness, such as are to be met with on a coral reef, excites our admiration without any hankering after a closer and more intimate knowledge of the things themselves.

Come with us then, gentle reader, and while our good ship is

Slipping through the summer of the world,

on her mission southwards, let us introduce you to a coral reef on our plan.

First of all let us select the calmest and clearest day for our purpose, — a day when the blazing sun in the heavens looks down on a glassy sea. It will be hot of course; but a giant white umbrella will keep off the sun's most ardent glances as you lie along the high-peaked, decked-in fore part of a Laccadive rowing-boat. Lie flat on your face, let us recommend, leaving room for yourself to peer down comfortably over the sides of the boat into the watery depths below.

The tide is near the end of the ebb — the water is nearly at its lowest on the reef. By the time we return the tide will be making, the turtle will be swarming into the shallow waters of the lagoon in search of food, and after seeing the reef we can divert ourselves and replenish our ship's larder by catching a turtle or two for soup on our way back.

"Gently there with the oars! gently! gently! ship the oars and let us drift — and now, look over from your point of vantage in the bows."

* Mails.

The first sensation is: "Why, we are floating on air!" Not a ripple from the oars or boat serves to break the exquisite crystal clearness of the buoyant element. Every grain of sand and tiniest pebble can be distinguished as we lean over the bulwarks and try to touch the bottom with a cane. Vain endeavor! Why, the water is still ten feet in depth if it is an inch, and the cane foreshortened in the limpid water attests the depth which lies below.

The floor of the lagoon is carpeted with the most exquisite colors. Here a stag's-horn coral throws up its many grey branches, each tipped with the brightest of bright blue. There, nestling down among its taller brethren, is a tuft of bloom that might almost be a tuft of heather in its brilliant autumn coloring. Near it is a "leech," as the natives hereabouts call it—a harmless creature, jet-black in color, and from a foot to fifteen inches long. If you touch it, it will exude a liquor which will stain your fingers red. John Chinaman holds it in high esteem for the concoction of soups, and as *holothuria* or *bêche de mer* it is an extensive article of commerce. Here again is a thick stem supporting a flattened arborescent type of polypifer, each of its innumerable branches occupied by countless hosts of coral insects, and all of them in purple robes.

Now for a stroke or two of the oars, and we shoot into a shallower basin, protected by ramparts of broken coral from the rough swell of the sea. Why, we are floating in the air above the loveliest carpet of flowers! Visions of sunny Himalayan slopes, from which the snow-wreaths have just melted away under the genial warmth of early summer, leaving behind them a robe of exquisite sweet-scented flowers, involuntarily obtrude themselves upon the mind. There, every step seemed to be a desecration of God's fairest creations, for at every footfall we crushed wild hyacinths and other lovely flowers into the dust; here, however, we ride buoyantly above the blaze of color, and can admire without injuring others of God's fairest gifts.

As the scare of our boat's approach dies off, we see that the water is teeming with life. A tiny hog-nosed fish comes cautiously out of its retreat among the living coral branches and watches us till reassured that all is safe; then, with a whisk of his tail he darts at some minute crustacean on the coral rock, over which he hovers for a second with his fins—we had almost said his wings—in rapid mo-

tion ere he pounces on his prey. Hanging over the spot, we can see his jaws move as that crustacean is being reduced to pulp; then, with a flick of his tail, he is off like a humming-bird. Now a host of tiny whitebait suddenly flash into view, swimming out and in among the variegated rocks at the bottom. They are red, they are black, they are striped, and green, and yellow, and white, and purple, and blue in all shades. The diversity of color is perfectly marvellous. The rays of the sun, peering through eye-holes in the coral rock, seem to break into a hundred rainbow colors, and stamp themselves on the fish sheltering beneath.

Gradually, and without disturbing the water, we have drifted into a still shallower basin, and are now on the reef itself. The water is but a few inches deep. Crabs of strange forms shelter themselves in the many sinuosities of the broken coral fragments which strew the reef. We lift a piece of it, and out runs in alarm a blood-thirsty-looking hirsute crustacean on to our hand. Ugh! with a splash he and his house are dropped into the water, and our blood runs cold with visions of tarantulas and other such horrors. That wavy yellow-and-black soft-looking substance conceals the shell of a *chama*. Be careful about putting your fingers into its open mouth, for its strong, stony jaws will close upon them with the power of a vice. Here is bright-green wavy seaweed, and clinging to and feeding on it are hosts of cowrie-shells of a creamy greenish yellow, still used as money in some parts of the East. The fish spreads a membranous envelope over the back of its shell, and slowly withdraws it when disturbed. There, too, are other *cypræas*, which slowly disclose their spotted beauties to view as we lift them from their soft couches among the sheltering seaweed.

But how shall we describe the wealth of the mollusc world which meets us in our researches in the treasury of a coral reef at low tide? Let us land on this shell-strewn spit of sand.

Why, the whole place is alive! Can it be that the molluscs we have just been visiting in their quiet homes among the seaweed have taken to walks abroad, and on dry land, too, in their leisure moments? For as we jump ashore, numberless shells of all shapes and sizes start suddenly into life on the beach, and run aside to give us place. Legs they *must* have, to go that pace over the uneven shore. There goes a *turritella*. We shall be safe in handling him, by reason of the spiral pyramid

which those legs — *legs* they must be — carry upon their back. Moreover, he makes comparatively bad time in getting out of our way, for a turritella is an unwieldy thing for legs to carry over an uneven shore. We lift him up gingerly with thumb and forefinger to look for those legs, and the secret is out. Of legs we can see nothing, but closely fitted into the opening of the shell, as if originally made for the place, we discover the brilliant scarlet-and-white mandibles of a hermit crab.

These, then, were crabs, that were in such a hurry to get out of our way, — crabs, certainly, and of considerable size, too, some of them; some babies among them, only big enough to fit the smallest whelk; others large enough to fill with their mandibles the opening in a marbled *turbo*, largest of its species.

But why call these gentlemen hermits? So far as we can judge, they are the most gregarious of their kind. Of their battles to secure a coveted tenement we could tell some stories; and their wars and loves and hates would fill —

Ugh! a sharp nip on the thumb from the fighting mandibles of a big hermit crab is a thing not to be easily forgotten! He interrupted us in our discourse, and shall suffer for it. But how are we to get at him? It is not an easy thing to coax a hermit out of his shell. Pull him out? Oh no! He would allow us to tear him limb from limb rather than quit his domicile. We are humane, and only want to frighten him a bit, as well as to inspect his interior structure and economy. The end of a lighted cheroot deftly applied to the apex and sides of his calcareous tenement will make him uncomfortably hot without hurting. Look out for your fingers while you are about it, else the fighting mandibles will again close sharply and painfully on thumb or finger. His shell becomes hot, and our friend becomes restless. It becomes hotter; frantic are now his efforts to reach the enemy's thumb and fingers; but they are of no avail. "This really cannot be borne a moment longer;" and, suiting the action to the words, out he comes with a flop. A sorry and a despicable object he looks, as every one too lazy to build a house for himself ought to look — a miserable soft body, covered only with skin ending in a prehensile pointed sort of a tail, one pair of huge fighting mandibles, and legs. These make the sum total of our hermit's parts. Moreover, he is evidently ashamed of himself, for he tucks his body under his legs

till it is nearly out of sight — a wretched and miserable object. Now let us give him back his shell. In a very gingerly and careful manner he examines it, till satisfied that the abnormal heat has departed, then with a backward step or two, and a ludicrous sort of jump, his prehensile hinder end is again safely ensconced in its secure retreat, and the brilliant scarlet-and-white mandibles are again ready to do battle with all comers.

The tide has been making fast while we have been trifling with the hermits, so let us to boat once more, and this time take a seat at the stern, for now we have other work in hand.

Kutti Ali, a spare but sinewy boatman of middle age, takes our post on the high-peaked, decked-in bows, and standing up, shades his eyes with his hand, and looks abroad. He is intent on action, for as he looks he tightly girds his loins, after stowing away securely in a corner of the boat his small packet of betel-leaf, arecanut, tobacco, and lime, and a bright-colored handkerchief, of which he is very proud. His skull-cap, too (for is not he a true follower of the prophet of Mecca?), is laid aside, and all superfluous clothing with it, and he stands before us with loins girt, looking, in his bronzed and sinewy strength, a perfect athlete, ready for action.

A word or two from him puts spirit into our boatmen, who quicken up into a short, sharp, steady stroke, and an excited quiver runs through us all, for our game is in sight. Where? We look intently in the direction in which our boat is heading, but can discern nothing. The water is deep, ten, twelve, fifteen feet or more, but the bottom is of pure white coral sand, illuminated by the blazing sun overhead. Patches of living coral of a darker shade are strewn here and there about the lagoon, and it is for one of these that we are evidently now heading, though it is still one hundred yards away. Kutti Ali, from his point of vantage in the bows, has seen a small dark shadow pass into that clump of rock; he has been watching intently since, and that shadow has not passed beyond the clump in any direction. At a word from the lookout, our boatmen slow down as we approach the dark patch. Can Kutti Ali have been mistaken as to that shadow? For we reach the place, some ten or twelve yards in diameter, and still nothing appears. The boat has almost stopped, the oars are still, and we are just beginning to peer down into the clear depths when with a

flash, something suddenly springs into active life down below. The rogue! he has found safety in the dark shades of a living coral patch before in his lifetime, else he would not have lain so still, to be started at last almost like a hare from its form.

Out into the clear sunny depths overlying the coral sand he flashes. We catch a sight of him for an instant as he shoots away; but now it is all eyes in the boat to get her round, for he has taken us at a disadvantage, and is off on our port quarter. Even Kutti Ali, still standing in the bows, helps in getting the boat round, using for this purpose a long bamboo pole, laid ready to his hand, but without taking his eye for an instant off that quickly fleeting shadow under water. The boat is round at last, but with all our haste that fleeting shadow has gained seventy yards on us or more in the interval, and is making for a much larger patch of rocks lying close to the reef and the deep sea beyond. If he gains that patch, we shall in all probability lose him, for he will gain the reef and reach the sea while we are looking for him. That patch of rocks he must not be permitted to reach.

As the boat's head comes straight, six pairs of lusty arms settle down to get us to that patch of rock before that swiftly fleeting shadow can reach it. "*Valli—valli—oraka valli, kuttigale!*" (Pull—pull—pull strong, O my children!) shouts Kutti Ali excitedly, capering about on the fore-deck, brandishing aloft his long bamboo pole the while. We are gaining undoubtedly, but half the distance is done, and still the shadow fleets steadily ahead of us. A quarter of the distance only now remains, and the flying shadow is still ahead, though distinctly visible now. Can he keep it up and do the best time on record in the turtle world? I believe he would have escaped, only that knowing fellow in the bows is up to tricks. With the stump-end of his bamboo pole he suddenly brings a resounding thump down on the hollow deck planks of the boat, and as the sound reaches below the turtle shoots quickly forward, for a few yards distancing us, but as quickly comes back as soon as the increased effort dies away. Another thump, another spurt, and the pace is evidently beginning to tell. Those spasmodic efforts have tended to exhaust the stock of air in the turtle's wind-bag. Next instant he for the first time leaves the bottom, close to which he has been all along racing, comes suddenly to the surface with outstretched head and

neck, springs nearly clear out of the water to take breath, and again dives.

As we race alongside of him, he sheers off from his original line—that coveted patch of rock and safety are never to be reached again. Kutti Ali again induces him to further efforts, which end in further exhaustion, and all the while he is being headed away from the big rocky patches near the reef.

The boatmen all breathless, perspiring, and excited, ease off a little, and having got our quarry to a safe distance, now take up his line directly. As we near him, however, he suddenly doubles and shoots off to the side, thereby gaining twenty yards or so before the boat can be brought round. Again we approach, again he turns, this time diving right under the boat, and racing away by the stern, thus gaining ground once more.

But we can see as he passes astern that his flippers are beginning to flag, and are working convulsively.

Round comes the boat, the men quicken up, and quickly overhaul him on the starboard bow.

Now comes the time for the man in the bows to display his skill. Watch him as he poises himself preparatory to his spring—fists clenched, arms bent at the elbows, and pressed closely to the sides. Watching his chance, he swings his body slowly back, poising it on his left leg, and as the boat, still going at racing pace, reaches alongside within a yard or two of the turtle, he springs clear into the air over the starboard bow, and turning face towards us in the air as he springs, disappears feet downwards into the water, a yard or two ahead of the turtle. As the boat shoots rapidly past the spot, we see for an instant in the troubled water a confused jumble of legs and feet and arms and flippers. But our quarry has evidently been hunted before, for as the boatman touched the water he turned suddenly, and just in time to evade the fatal grasp of the flippers. Turning back under the boat, he again puts his old game in practice, and in the excitement of the moment our steersman springs headforemost into the water to intercept him, and fails.

Two men in the water to be picked up, besides sundry things, which in the hurry and excitement of the moment have gone overboard on voyages on their own account, give our quarry abundant time to make tracks; but he cannot now go the pace he did. The men are picked up, the floating things too, the boat is turned round, and again we are off in pursuit.

Quickly overtaking him once more on the port bow, Kutti Ali this time vows to have him. Again the spring in air, again the quick face-turn towards his antagonist, again the confused jumble of feet and legs and arms and flippers down below, and once more the old dodge of doubling sharp back, — but our quarry's movements are not now so nimble as they were. A hind flipper comes within reach of Kutti Ali's vice-like grip, and is held fast by the one hand, while, reaching forward with the other, a fore flipper is also grasped high up. The race is over; our prey is captured.

As man and turtle rise quickly to the surface, another boatman — they are all amphibious — jumps overboard to assist the laughing, breathless, but exultant diver. The turtle is turned on his back in the water, puffs out his chin, draws a long wheezing breath through his horny beak and nostrils, struggles for an instant with his captors, and then submissively yields to fate.

One gunwale of the boat is gently inclined downwards, hands in the boat help those in the water, and with a heave and a shout, and much laughter and excited talk, our quarry is pulled into the boat, and slides on his back into the bottom beneath the stretchers, smartly slapping his yellow-and-green oozy stomach the while with his horny flippers.

This was a smart race, for our quarry was young and vigorous. The full-sized lusty fellows — we once caught one in this way that weighed 350 pounds avoirdupois, the shell measuring 3 feet 8 inches in length by 3 feet 4 inches in breadth — do not, as a rule, show so much sport. Their dimensions are aldermanic, and their wheezy breath, as in the case of portly middle-aged bipeds, is scanty and soon exhausted. They are more easily overtaken and caught, but not so easily brought to the surface or hoisted into the boat. Sometimes two divers go down below to bring them to the surface, one of whom passes his hand warily — for that powerful horny beak can nip off a finger or two with the greatest ease — over the neck and head, and plants a thumb and forefinger in each eye of the turtle. Thus blinded, the turtle, it is said, rises to the surface at once. Turned on his back, and his head released from chancery, the fight then recommences — a second, a third, sometimes a fourth, boatman jumps into the water and lays hold each of a flipper, amid much laughter and excitement and splashing. Tired out at last, all hands are turned on to the task of hoisting the turtle into the

boat, and not unfrequently the boat capizes and fills. Crew, turtles, and all, are launched into the water, and a scene of boisterous mirth and excitement follows, till the boat is righted and baled out, and all the missing things recovered, including as many as possible of the turtles thus restored unexpectedly to their native element.

We could tell you of other sources of sport and amusement furnished by these brilliant lagoons — of fish and turtle spearing by torchlight — of boats being dragged about by gigantic skates and sharks, which occasionally find their way across the barrier reefs into the quiet lagoons, and of many other things; but it is time to return to the good ship, which has all this time been steadily ploughing her way towards that speck in mid-ocean with which we are chiefly concerned.

The skipper and his officers have been busy at night with their sextants shooting stars to determine the ship's exact position; for a little dot of an island only a mile or two wide lying solitary in mid-ocean, and showing, palms and all, not one hundred feet above the water, is an easy thing to miss. As day breaks we should, according to the ship's reckoning, have the island dead ahead and within sight. As yet, however, the lascar on watch on the foreyard-arm makes no sign. We strain our eyes and sweep the horizon with our telescopes, but it is of no avail — not a speck of land is visible anywhere. It is the chief officer's watch, and he is on the bridge, binoculars in hand, steadily gazing ahead. The skipper turns out of his snug cabin on the upper deck, and goes up to the bridge too. He is clad in the airiest of sleeping garments, with an old pea-jacket atop; he, too, can make nothing of it. It is dangerous to chaff a skipper when you think he has made a bad land-fall, so give the bridge a wide berth till all is settled up there. The chief is sent aloft to spy the land; not satisfied with his report, the skipper himself follows. The sun is up, an hour of daylight is gone; for half an hour more no word comes down from the foretop. Have we run past it in the night? Impossible; the glare of the lighthouse would have been seen, even if the light itself were invisible; for Minicoy has a lighthouse, we may tell you — one of the first magnitude too; but of that more anon.

"Land ahoy!" at last comes down from the watch.

"Where is it?" is shouted in reply from the bridge.

"Straight ahead, sir."

"Just where it ought to be," growls the skipper, looking more pleased than, from his gruff words, you could judge him to be.

Now we may speak — now even some mild chaff may go round; so we crowd up to the bridge, all eager to get a first glimpse of our destination.

"We have had a strong current against us all night — should have been here at daylight."

"Oh! that's the reason, is it? Now, did you ever yet know a skipper out in his reckoning but he hauled in a current or something to put himself square? Currents are handy things at sea to explain away knotty points."

"Knots, is it? why, there's fifteen of them gone clean out of the ship's run in twelve hours."

Whereat we all laugh and take to our telescopes and binoculars.

A long, low line of shadowy somethings showing above the filmy mirage to the left — then a break and a white pillar (that is the lighthouse, of course) — another break — and, finally, another and shorter line of shadowy somethings — that is all we can see. But as the ship holds on her way, the nearest of the shadows to the left are quickly taking shape and resolving themselves into palm-trees, and we can make out that an unbroken semicircle of them runs from the northernmost corner of the island right round to and past the lighthouse, which is close to the southernmost point of the land. Then there is a break, and further west lies a detached clump of palms, marking the quarantine islet of Viringilly. A square object we could not at first make out begins to loom larger in the filmy haze, and we discover it to be a big boat, carrying a huge square sail, set well forward, and without a jib. Another, and another, and another seem to spring up and set their sails. "These must be the *mās* boats going out to fish," says one of the party, who has been here before.

Now we come in sight of high, combing rollers as they flash white in breaking on the shallow reef at the northernmost point of the land. Beacons are also visible, hardly distinguishable at a distance from the bare masts of other *mās* boats, still at anchor in the lagoon, laying in their stock of whitebait before proceeding to the fishing-ground outside the barrier reef. These beacons mark the boating passages in the coral reef, which we can now distinguish stretching away in the wide western semicircle from the north as far as the islet of

Viringilly, near the southernmost extremity of the land.

A low-lying, piratical-looking craft, with raking masts, showing an immense capacity for spreading canvas, is anchored inside the lagoon. A workman-like boat she is — owned, we find on subsequent inquiry, by the sultan of the neighboring Maldivé Islands, and commanded by a smart Minicovite born and bred. They are born seamen, these Minicoy islanders, as we shall presently learn. Three or four other native boats are now distinguishable lying at anchor in the lagoon opposite the little township. Island-built, island-rigged, and manned by smart island seamen, familiar with the use of the sextant and European navigating tables, these boats set out on trading voyages annually — to the Maldives, to the Malabar coast, and Colombo, and farther still to the Bay of Bengal. The James and Mary, and other treacherous quicksands of the Hooghly, are familiar to them. Chittagong is perhaps their farthest point eastward on the coast of India, and Bombay their farthest point west.

The annual setting-out of the fleet, after the S.W. monsoon has moderated its squally force, and its annual return in March or April, are the two great events in island life. For four months, May to August, the sailor lads are at home to gladden the hearts of their island wives and sweethearts; for eight long months the latter remain in their island home, looking longingly forward to the day — well watched for — when the shiny white sails, dimly visible on the horizon, come sliding safely homeward over the summer seas, or when, at night, blue lights come flashing their weird gleams through the gloom, and rockets flying skyward proclaim to weary watching women on shore that the sailor lads are safely back again.

"Safely back again." Ah! who knows? Did not one hundred and twenty sailor lads in the prime of life sail gallantly forth with the fleet in 1867, and only a few of their shipwrecked comrades return to tell the sorrowful tale of disaster and ruin — how three of their fine island vessels had gone down in the cyclone waves in the Hooghly at Calcutta? Twenty years have passed away, and still that sorrowful tale is told; and many a Minicoy heart is yet aching for the loved ones who perished amid the crash and splinters and wreck of vessels broken loose from their moorings, and driven madly and blindly, pell-mell, in a heap on the wreck-strewn shores of the Hooghly.

No such catastrophe has happened this time, however, for there floats at anchor the Dharía Dowlát, seven hundred tons burden, with her spars and rigging intact. Yonder comes the Dharía Beg, the other seven-hundred-ton leviathan of the fleet, with every inch of canvas spread to woo the loitering breeze, and flags floating gaily from all her masts. And the Kuduja Pali (Small or Saucy Polly?) can just be descried on the horizon bearing down upon the island.

As the truth is realized that the fleet has really returned, a great long-drawn shout goes up from those upon the watch; this is caught up by those who hear it, wherever they may be, and however engaged, and the great volume of sound travels up and down the township, men, women, and children joining in it, and then rushing tumultuously out upon the sandy coral-strewn shore of the lagoon, to verify for themselves that the joyful and exciting news is really true. Glad tidings, indeed, it is, for those ships are freighted with all sorts of goods of value in feminine eyes, besides the stores of rice on which the islanders chiefly subsist.

In order that you may not bear away the impression that we are romancing, we will not attempt a description of our own, but will quote here from a staid and solemn official report:—

Every woman in the island is dressed in silk. The gowns fit closely round the neck and reach to the ankles. The upper classes wear red silk, and earrings of a peculiar fashion. The Melacheri* women are restricted to the use of a dark striped silk of a coarser quality. Every husband must allow his wife at least one candy† of rice, two silk gowns, and two under cloths a year. He also presents her on marriage with a fine betel-pouch (brought from Galle), and a silver ornament containing receptacles for lime and tobacco, and instruments of strange forms intended for cleaning the ears and teeth.

And again:—

The women appear in public freely with their heads uncovered, and take the lead in almost everything except navigation. In fact, they seem to have as much freedom‡ as there is in European countries. Inquiry into their civil condition (whether they are married or unmarried) is regarded as an unpardonable affront. Unmarried men may converse with

maidens, and courtship is a recognized preliminary to marriage. The girl's consent is, in all cases, necessary, and the *kksi* (priest) will not perform the ceremony unless he has sent two *mukris* (sextons) to ascertain that she is willing.

An Eastern people like this, which treats its women with such marked respect, deserves to be intimately known; and so, with your permission, gentle reader, we will now revert to our voyagers, who have all this time been steaming gently onward to the anchorage indicated by the ancient island pilot, who has been fetched to show the way.

What wind there is is coming from the east or north-east, so the skipper and pilot in consultation decide that we shall cast anchor on the south-west corner of the reef, so as to be under the lee of the island.

There is no need to take precautions here against hidden rocks and reefs as we approach the anchorage; for the chart shows a hundred fathoms at least of depth almost within gunshot of the barrier reef enclosing the lagoon. And the same freedom from shoals holds good all round this tiny island. It is only about five miles in length, by about the same in breadth; and it rises sheer, so far as we know, from the bottom of the ocean, lying probably six thousand feet (over a mile)* beneath the surface on which our good ship floats.

Realize the fact for an instant,—remember that there is no other land anywhere near it; it lies solitary in mid-ocean, as we have already said more than once, a tall and comparatively slender column of rock over a mile in height; perhaps even the column is not so large below as it is on the surface, and the island and its rocky foundation may be umbrella-shaped—who knows?

It was Mr. Darwin who originally suggested, in regard to coral reefs in general, that the land had slowly sunk beneath the waves, and that the reef-forming coral insects keep it from submergence by their ceaseless labors in elaborating limestone from the briny deep, and piling it up on the mountain-tops. How much of that six thousand feet have they built up in this way? How long have they been about it? Is the land slowly sinking still? These are questions which we will

* The lowest class or caste, whose men are occupied chiefly in climbing the palm-trees to draw palm-toddy or to pluck the nuts, etc.

† Five hundredweight, or five hundred and sixty pounds.

‡ We should rather say more freedom—see what follows.

* The Beagle expedition found, at a distance of only twenty-two hundred yards from the edge of the Cocos or Keeling group of islands, no bottom with a line twelve hundred fathoms (seventy-two hundred feet) in length.

not attempt to answer. Some doubts have recently been cast on the accuracy of Mr. Darwin's theory; but we would suggest to the doubters to visit Minicoy, and account for its formation in any other way.

Our skipper is a Scot, and therefore cautious—too cautious as it turns out; for he not unnaturally dislikes the idea of his ship swinging in close to the barrier reef should the wind suddenly change to the S.W. point, and he therefore lets go the anchor on the sloping limestone, worn smooth by the wild waves of the S.W. monsoon. The day is calm, the barometer steady, and coals are dear within the tropics. Our fires are allowed to go out. In the first watch of the night the ship begins to change her position. Is the anchor holding? No; we are distinctly moving. "Pipe up all hands and see what has gone wrong." The anchor-chain hangs perpendicularly from the bows; the anchor has slipped down the smooth sloping limestone, and tumbled over the edge of the stupendous submarine precipice beneath us; and we are helplessly adrift on the Indian Ocean, with fifty fathoms of heavy anchor-chain, and a heavy anchor at the end of it, hanging from our bows! Fortunately the night is calm, and the current carries us away from the island. "How soon can you get up steam?" "Two hours, sir." "Then get it, please, as fast as you can." These words ring out sharp and clear in the night air, and so for two hours at least we drift helplessly about. The light from the lighthouse is growing fainter; at last the donkey-engine begins to snort, and farewell sleep. Link by link the chain comes laboriously in through the hawser-pipe, amid much spasmodic snorting from the donkey-engine, and convulsive quiverings of the ship from stem to stern. The anchor is at last recovered, and we steam slowly about till daylight enables us to fetch up to the island once more and drop our anchor, this time more securely, in a pot-hole among the living coral rocks closer inshore.

The islanders have been on the watch, and, as we come up to our anchorage, we can see boat after boat hoist their huge square lug-sails, and come away from their bait-grounds inside the lagoon, under a spanking north-easterly breeze. They are all making for that narrow passage through the barrier reef marked by a line of beacons; and handsome they look, as one by one, with curving lines and full-breasted, they shoot through the narrow passage into the open sea, and then, with

the wind well abaft, sweep down toward our ship. The clean sharp stems of the boats show to great advantage as they approach under full sail. Those boats can sail, it is very evident; moreover, they are prepared to meet with heavy winds, for line above line of reefing-points can be seen flying freely in the breeze as they approach. The number of lines seems extraordinary, for when the last reef is taken in there can be but a foot or two of the sail left aboveboard to sail with. And yet the men evidently know perfectly well what they are about, and can be trusted to put no more reefs in their sail than are absolutely required for navigation. As they approach our ship we can see the order given, without any fuss or needless talking, to lower the sail, and on the instant a dozen hands are hard at work taking it in, and stowing it securely away to prevent its getting wetted. The sail is of finely plaited matting, with a quaint device or two in black on the outside. Having stowed the sail securely, they are busy next with the mast,—a man at the bows is gradually slackening the ropes which keep it in position, and half-a-dozen hands are standing on the thwarts of the boat ready to catch it in its descent and guide it to its place of rest, an upright post just in front of the rudder. No lifting of the ponderous mast is necessary, you see; for, as the ropes are slackened forward, the mast comes gently backward and downward of its own accord, till it is securely lodged in the hollowed-out top of the upright post aforesaid.

And now look at the boat itself. Where have we seen that shape before? The gondola-like, graceful, upright sweep of the cut-water, terminating in an elegant and quaintly painted stem-post rising high above the boat, reminds us powerfully of moonlight nights on the Grand Canal, and musical Italian voices singing "Stali-i-i!" The great breadth of beam, and weatherboarding on the sides—the fine lines and great depth of keel—remind us, though we cannot exactly remember where we have met them before, of cloudless Mediterranean skies, and deep sapphire-colored waves. The bows are decked in as far back as the mast, and the stern ends in a lobster-tail-shaped platform, projecting considerably beyond the sides of the boat. That platform is useful when the boatmen congregate at the stern with their fishing-rods to catch the *bonito*, as their boat, under full sail, passes and repasses through the shoals of that fish, which periodically visit the neighborhood of the

island in the fair season. You can see their rods lying, tied up in a bundle all ready for action, above the weather-boarding forward. A closer inspection reveals the facts, that the rod consists of a stout pole, and that the line and hook together are exactly of the length of the rod. Moreover, the hook is unbarbed, and consists of a piece of white metal flattened out for an inch and a half or so, and then turned up at one end into a barbless hook, while at the other end (also curved) there is a knob to which the stout cord forming the line is securely fastened. Trailing these bright metal hooks over the stern, the boat under sail passes and repasses through the shoals of fish, which, mistaking the hooks for silvery fish-fry, dash at them and are hooked, — the point of the rod is raised, and the fish is without further ado swung round into the boat. Disengaging itself readily from the unbarbed hook, it is left to flounder about in the bottom of the boat, while the fisherman proceeds to capture another. To attract the fish, the wells in the boat you see are already stocked with the brilliantly colored tiny whitebait, with which we became acquainted in our excursion to the coral reef, and which is ladled out by a scoop from the water-tight compartments into which the boat is divided at the thwarts as soon as the boat comes among the bonito shoals.

The bonito they thus catch is of two kinds. One is the *khalubida mäs*, vulgarly called *komboli* or *combally* or *combally mäs* by the Portuguese writers (*Scomber pelamys*, Linn.). It is striped lengthways with blue or purple stripes, with a small silver thread in the middle of each stripe. *Khalu* means black in the language of the island (*Maht*). *Bida* may mean striped, but we are not very sure about that. And *mäs* is certainly fish. The other kind is called *kanali mäs*. It is not striped, and it probably corresponds with the *skip-jack* well known to English sailors. The prevailing hue of both kinds is black.

Let us go ashore with the boatmen and see what is to be seen on the land. As soon as our intention is known, the whole of the cargo of living whitebait is unceremoniously bundled overboard, except some which we reserve for a real whitebait dinner on board. Stepping on to the stern deck-platform, we are at once charmed with the extreme cleanliness and neatness of all the appointments of our craft. There is absolutely no fishy odor, although the whitebait has just been bun-

dled overboard before our very eyes, and although the boat was probably loaded to the gunwale yesterday with the catch of bonito. The Minicovites evidently take great care of their boats, and scrub them well after each day's fishing.

The men themselves are smart, active, sinewy fellows, with no spare flesh about them. They are dressed in brilliantly colored pantaloons, and each wears a coarse goat's-hair girdle round his waist, pendent from which hangs a regular seaman's knife hooked to the girdle by a solid silver twisted wire. Their jackets are of various makes and of various materials; and on their heads, in addition to the orthodox skull-cap of the Muhammadans, they wear some of them brilliantly colored handkerchiefs — others have helmets of European patterns, much battered by rough usage — and one in particular, the skipper of the boat, has a well-worn military forage-cap, with a stiff projecting brim to it to shade his eyes.

The skipper, taking his stand behind where we sit on the stern platform, proceeds to steer the boat, working the rudder with his feet and knees, standing the while on a plank projecting inwards at right angles from the rudder-post. Beneath this plank there is a square box, holding spare wooden pins and sundry other things belonging to the boat, in addition to some quaintly carved coconut-shells, which serve as drinking-cups.

At a sign from him the oars, all lying snugly shipped along the inside of the boat, are shot out through the rowlock-holes in the weather-boarding forward, and a dozen pairs of sinewy arms pull us some fifty yards from the ship. Then at a word from the skipper — these Minicovite boatmen are remarkably sparing of words — the oars are again slid inboard, and all hands set to work to step the mast and hoist the huge mat-sail. We shall have to beat up to windward in order to reach the narrow passage through the reef, and the boatmen will be able to display the good sailing qualities of their craft. Two of the men attend to the sheets which control the peaks of the lug-sail, while the skipper himself hauls in the main-sheet, which he secures to a peg in the upright post already mentioned for supporting the mast when it is lowered.

The boat has good weathering qualities we can see directly the wind catches the sail, and we are off in a spanking breeze and a smooth-rolling sea. Talk of centreboards and wedge-shaped boats, these Minicovites have evidently learnt the art

of boat-building; and as the boat lies over under the huge press of sail, we feel that we are as safe as in a house ashore, thanks to the great beam and deep keel with which the boat is furnished. The rippling water comes coursing in along the lee gunwale, and splashes in at times through the rowlock-holes in the weatherboarding forward; but on the weather side she is as dry as if floating in a millpond, although every now and again she dips her nose into the long ocean rollers.

We have already weathered on the ship considerably, when again, at a word from the skipper, all hands prepare to tack. How is it to be done? Shall we have to lower that huge heavy sail and haul it laboriously round the mast? Not a bit of it. As the helm is put down the boat's nose runs up into the wind's eye, and such is the pace we are going, and so fine are her lines, that she is round and ready to go off on the other tack inshore almost in three times her own length. Haul in the forward peak, slacken away the aft, let go the main-sheet and pass it forward to the bows, and pass aft the other sheet which has secured us to the stem on the port tack we have been making. The thing is done in a couple of seconds, the boat has lost no way, and in far less time than it takes to write or read the description of it, the huge sail comes bellowing round the front of the mast to the starboard side, is instantly secured, and again our craft heels over, and goes spanking through the water on the shore tack.

The smart handling of such a big boat is interesting and pretty to watch, and as we become better acquainted with the boat and boatmen, our admiration of both increases. A joyous sense of bounding freedom possesses us, such as a rider knows with a strong-going horse beneath him, and a limitless grassy down in front. The exhilaration of our spirits is such that we feel inclined to shout or dance a hornpipe on the sloping deck.

But at last we have weathered the narrow entrance through the reef, and for the last time the helm is put down, the boat comes round, and running free, we glide swiftly in towards the reef. Shoaler and still more shoal the water becomes. We catch flying glimpses of lovely living coral rocks below the surface, magnified to double their actual size for an instant as a smooth ocean roller slides quietly over them. A turtle raises its head above the glassy swell, and then with a flip dives beneath, and shoots away like an arrow. We can see the bottom now quite easily,

and mark that the arborescent kind of polypifer has disappeared, the hard limestone bottom has been worn smooth by the fret of the waves and the grinding of the masses of coral rock they churn up and strew about on the shallows—rock which either goes to maintain the barrier reef, or drops in time back over the stupendous submarine precipice, to find a resting-place at the bottom of the ocean several thousands of feet below where we are now floating.

The channel narrows as we approach the first guiding beacon, a cairn of poles kept in an erect position by laboriously piling round their butt-ends, resting on the hard limestone rock, the pieces of coral wrenched from their places by the waves, and thrown broadcast by them during the heavy weather of the south-west monsoon season. It is a laborious business keeping these narrow channels open, and on the day appointed for the purpose the whole of the male population of the island assembles to perform the task.

As the actual reef is reached, we find the passage through it just wide enough for one boat to enter at a time. We leave the swell of the ocean behind us, and find ourselves in the lagoon in perfectly smooth water, except that it is rippled slightly by the wind, and with a brilliantly white coral sandy bottom below. We take a pull at the main-sheet, and bring in the after-peak of the sail a little to correspond, and then our course is set on the starboard tack, straight across the lagoon, to where the township lies embedded in that huge grove of palm-trees. A line of beacons, and sundry others dotted here and there, denote shoal patches of coral rock to be avoided. These beacons are the favorite resting-places of a solitary sea-gull or tern or cormorant, which obtain a comfortable footing among the bundle of dry twigs at the top of each, and lazily take flight as we swiftly rush past them.

These coral patches in the lagoon are the bait-grounds of our fishermen, for the fish-fry congregate for safety and shelter about them. A narrow-meshed net, lying out to dry on the deck forward, is employed to catch them. When caught, they are transferred to one of the transverse water-tight compartments into which the boat is divided by planking running across it under the thwarts of the boat. A plug is withdrawn, and in rushes the water through the boat's bottom; it rises till it is on a level with the water outside; and as the plug is not replaced, the water in the compartment is kept fresh for the

whitebait, which are thus kept alive until wanted.

As we approach the shore, one of the first objects that attract our attention is a snow-white egret standing on something floating in the water, and eagerly watching something below. That floating thing is a huge rough basket structure anchored in the lagoon, and used for storing the live whitebait until they are required for the fishing, and the egret is dining off incautious specimens which come too near the surface of the square hole in the lid which gives access to the basket. There are several such baskets floating about, and on nearly every one there is an egret, or perhaps two, thus engaged.

From All The Year Round.
A PRACTICAL TEST.
A COMPLETE STORY.

TOM CHESTER lived by himself in a house furnished and decorated under his own inspection — art-furniture being one of his many "fads."

"I like to strike out a line for myself in furnishing, as well as in other things," he used often to say to his friends. But the friends did not much like the line he had struck out in the smoking-room. It consisted of two oak settles, one on each side of the fire, with very straight, tall backs, and no cushions. Tom had picked them up cheap in a village inn. "So unconventional," he said. The friends, generally with a backache at the moment, sighed after conventionality, but said little, for Tom had very good whiskey, and was a very good fellow, they all agreed, except when his favorite "fad" of all was in his mind. At the first sign of the entrance of this into the conversation, the friends usually had engagements which demanded their immediate presence. It was heralded by one particular sentence which they well knew.

"I do not believe in arbitrary class distinctions," Tom would begin. "I have, in fact, a practical test —" But at that word the sole occupant of the settles was generally Tom himself. "Ah, well!" he soliloquized on these occasions, "a successful experiment will convince not only the flippant but the thoughtful world. I can wait."

The last few words were true. Patience was certainly one of Tom's leading characteristics. Still, one night when the friends had left him in peace, he was sit-

ting alone on the end of one of the settles, kicking the top bar of the grate, with a frown on his face, as he said to himself, —

"Three years — four years — should be enough; but it is difficult work. Now, last night she did not seem to appreciate the 'French Revolution' nearly so much. Had some different frock on — thinking of that, no doubt. I'll ask Mrs. Smith to prevent that sort of distraction, at any rate — What did you say, Mary? I didn't ring." He turned round with a shade of irritation in his voice. "It's only seven; at half past I shall be ready."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Chester," corrected Tom.

"Yes, Mr. Chester. I couldn't remember what you gave me to learn."

"Couldn't remember!" began Tom.

"Fetch the book here, Mary, at once."

Tom's voice made her steps speedy, and in less than three minutes she stood at the elbow of his chair with the most modern of French grammar books in her hand. He found the place he had carefully marked the night before, and was going to give her a scolding in the tone of voice from which his friends fled, when he glanced up at her — and involuntarily softened his words and tone. The girl standing by him was plainly so frightened, so very anxious to take in what he said to her now, that his scolding ended abruptly in, —

"Make haste then, Mary, and never forget again."

Down-stairs she ran, and, drawing a chair up to the kitchen fire, put the book and her elbows on her knees, and gave her mind to the part Tom had marked, only disturbed by the voice of Mrs. Smith, the housekeeper, as she said at intervals of five minutes, which were given to complications in her knitting, —

"There, Polly, my girl, don't worry your brains too much. What master wants with teaching you such stuff, I can't think. Cooking and cleaning — that's what I was taught; and it's poor comfort master would have if no one knew nothing but books."

Mrs. Smith had made these remarks before during the eighteen months Polly had lived in Mr. Chester's house, therefore they did not engross her attention. She worked till the kitchen clock struck half past, and then starting up, said, —

"Mrs. Smith, I'm ready."

"Very well, my girl. You might straighten your hair a little, though, while I pick up these stitches."

Polly rummaged in a large, deep drawer,

and at last extracted from a mass of muslin, cheap lace, and ribbon, two exercise-books, a pen, and a much-worn English history. Armed with these, she, Mrs. Smith, and the knitting went up-stairs.

Tom was in the library—a room containing no temptation to anything but study. He had lined it with books, and excluded all easy-chairs. The drawing-room was their place, he said, and theirs alone in Tom's house; for no one entered the drawing-room except admiring friends of Mrs. Smith and Polly, when Tom was out and they had "company to tea."

On one straight-backed chair Tom awaited them. Mrs. Smith took another, to which she was evidently well accustomed, at the end of the table; and Polly sat down at Tom's right hand.

He had on a pair of spectacles, not needed in the least by his thirty-five years; but he had always a sort of feeling that they would be a help to him in gaining and keeping Polly's attention. Very carefully he went through the French exercise she gave him, underlining her mistakes, and only once stopping when Polly said, apologetically, "It's blotted, and that I know," to say, "You do not need the words 'and that,' Mary."

Then he went through the mistakes with her, explaining each at length; so much so, indeed, that Mary's thoughts had wandered to a "grey costume" she meant to have for Sundays, before he came to the last. She was recalled abruptly by his demand for her grammar book; but the verb committed to memory in the kitchen had more or less left it in the library, and the spectacles were wholly unnecessary aids to the gravity of Tom's countenance, when he laid down the book and took up Green's "History of the English People," which he read aloud to her on alternate nights with Carlyle, while she took notes.

She had covered about two pages of her note-book, with a straggling handwriting, when nine o'clock struck. Tom's voice and the click of Mrs. Smith's needles stopped together.

"I should like better preparation next time, Mary," he said, as he shut the book.

"Yes, Mr. Chester; good-night, Mr. Chester." Followed by Mrs. Smith with a decorous "Good-night, sir," Mary left the room, slowly at first; but when they reached the kitchen stairs, it did not need Mrs. Smith's "Hurry, and see after supper, Polly," to send her flying down the steps with a swiftness which gave the books she threw on the table impetus

enough to send them off again. Tom put away the books, took off his spectacles, and stood by the fire, lighting a cigar with some deliberation, and thinking of the work he had tried to do that evening, and on many an evening before. His "fad" was very near his heart. Two years before, when Mrs. Smith told him that her failing powers needed the help of younger eyes and fingers to keep his house, it had occurred to him that here was the opportunity he had long wanted, to prove his theory that education alone transformed a man into a "gentleman," a woman into a "lady;" that the accident of birth was nothing, for all class distinctions were the mere arbitrary growth of ages of ignorance.

He enquired carefully into the system of teaching pursued at most of the large orphanages, and having discovered the one he considered most complete, took from it Mary, aged fifteen, bright, intelligent, and with a manner neither too assured nor too shy. "Excellent ground," he said to himself. "She will assist my housekeeper, and her education will be carried on by myself," he said to the head of the institution, who stared, but said nothing.

At eighteen he meant to send her to a thoroughly good finishing school for a year, to acquire whatever might be beyond his own power to give; and then he would reach the crowning point of his "practical test"—he would marry her.

And the only day-dream Tom ever had was one of a day when he would be able to say, in a large room full of incredulous people, including most of the friends: "Allow me to introduce—my wife." Whilst whispers should fall on his ears of "Charming woman!" "Curiously successful case."

It was a wet Sunday. Tom had turned over books, smoked, and used strong language about the weather most of the day; and at four o'clock he could no longer endure it, but hailed the first break in the clouds, and set out for a house where he had a standing invitation from an old friend of his family for "any Sunday afternoon." He very seldom availed himself of this, for he cared little for society, and had no great liking for this special form of it. But he felt it part of his work not to lose touch with the world which was to welcome his wife—to acknowledge the success of his experiment.

Mrs. Courtley was "at home," and Tom was shown into her large, bright drawing-

room, a cheering contrast to the wet streets, and his own library. It was full of people, and Tom had for a moment some difficulty in seeing his little, keen-eyed, sparkling hostess. He made his way to her, and was greeted laughingly by her with, —

"Well, Mr. Chester, is Diogenes your ideal at present? I thought I had lost you as a guest; an old woman doesn't like that. Never mind, sir, I shall forgive you this time, though you don't deserve it. You're a favorite of mine, do you know? And now you want some one younger than myself to talk to. Let me introduce you to my niece, Lady Maria Wood. Maria, my dear," to a tall girl who had been standing near the fire, but turned at the words, and acknowledged Mr. Chester's bow.

"Let me get you a chair," said Tom to her, being the first thing he thought of.

"Thank you," she said, with a smile. "I was sitting here just now, behind Aunt Sarah; there's room; sit down, won't you? Do you know my aunt well? She seemed to have missed you. I've never been here before, and I don't know any one. I do so want to; and I can't very well go up to Aunt Sarah, and say, for instance, 'Who is the old gentleman in the very shabby brown coat?' He's some one clever, I know; he's written a book or something. Do tell me if you know. I've never been in London before; my home's in Ireland. Isn't that a confession! — the first, I mean — well, both, perhaps."

She had chattered fast, and stopped a moment to rest, leaving Tom leisure to glance at her face, while he tried to frame an answer which should belong to all her queries.

A sweet, round, girlish face met his eyes — young, fair, with soft brown hair all round it. The slight young figure looked slighter still in the dark-green cloth dress she wore; and Tom saw that he was talking to a young woman belonging to a class he had often contemptuously described as "neither one thing nor the other," neither schoolgirl nor woman.

But contempt was the feeling furthest from Tom that afternoon. He listened to her chatter, and gave her information concerning things and persons in London, which was a little vague and reckless; but laughed and confessed himself frankly when she said, after one or two of his most astonishing statements, in her pretty voice, —

"Are you sure, Mr. Chester?"

When Mrs. Courtley came up to their

corner, and said, "Maria, you will sing to us?" Tom, to his own great surprise, found himself offering to turn over her pages. Directly after it occurred to him that he knew not a note of music, and should probably make a muddle of it.

"Never mind," he said to himself, "it's a song. I'll go for the words."

And go for the words he did, manfully; and afterwards her pretty, "Thank you, Mr. Chester; you turned them exactly right," helped to make him really vexed to realize that it was six o'clock, and he must at once find Mrs. Courtley and take his leave, if he meant to be in time for a never-neglected Sunday duty — tea in the library with Mrs. Smith and Polly.

He was quite in time. Polly — in a dark-green dress, with a wide stripe of bright red all down the front, bordered with shining and wonderful buttons, the whole copied with infinite pains from one she had seen in church, and mentally exaggerated during her walk home — had just brought up tea.

"Tell Mrs. Smith I'm in," Tom said to her; whereupon she ran down the kitchen stairs and reappeared with Mrs. Smith.

They sat down, and Tom began the conversation, as he always did on these occasions, by what he flattered himself were brief, well-chosen allusions to the simpler topics of the day. Mrs. Smith's replies were chiefly, "Yes, sir; really, sir; no, sir," in unvarying order, with no regard to the subject under discussion. Polly's remarks, Tom prided himself, had lately shown growing intelligence; but to-night it seemed to him she was more apt than ever before to break into his own decidedly elevating topic with references to "that dreadful poisoning case in Hoxton," and "that murder at Manchester."

Her frock, too, surely it wasn't quite what it should be — and yet he had seen friends of his in something like that. He thought she sat unusually awkwardly on her chair, too, and she had apparently quite forgotten his bygone remonstrances on the subject of grammatical errors.

Tom felt very disheartened when Polly, Mrs. Smith, and the tea-things had gone down-stairs. He had watched Polly fold the table-cloth with an odd sense of a difference between those strong, firm, pink hands, and the white ones he had seen playing with her fire-screen, as their owner talked to him in Mrs. Courtley's drawing-room, three hours before.

"But she'll get on all right with patience," said Tom to himself, with return-

ing hope, as he filled his second pipe in the smoking room, "and I might, perhaps, speak about that frock."

At the end of the next week Tom had a letter, which he had for some time been vaguely expecting. He received it, however, not without a great deal of grumbling. A cousin with whom, in spite of his many odd ways, Tom had always been a favorite, had made him promise to come to her wedding.

"Some time next summer," she had said when she told him he "must come."

May—early in May as it was, too—hardly struck Tom as summer. Still, he put that down to the general unreliability and unreasonableness of woman's plans, and with several heavy sighs packed his portmanteau.

Anything out of the ordinary routine of his life he disliked intensely; and now he felt a martyr indeed, for he had been weak enough, as he called it on the way down, to obey a sentence in his cousin's letter which had said,—

"And you must come on Monday, Tom. If you only came on Wednesday, I shouldn't see you. Several other people are coming on Monday, too."

He reached his destination rather late in the evening, and came into the drawing-room after he had dressed for dinner, only just in time to be told,—

"Take in Lady Maria Wood with you, Girl over there—white frock, brown hair."

Very much astonished, Tom made his way to her. She received him with a little start, and said in the pretty voice Tom had remembered clearly for the last ten days,—

"Oh, Mr. Chester, I'm so glad to see you. I didn't know you were to be here. Lucy only said, 'my cousin.'"

"Then you know Lucy?" Tom said, feeling at the same time that this statement of a self-evident fact could hardly be called a brilliant conversational effort.

"Oh, yes, we were at school together. I never knew she was your cousin till the other day. How stupid I am! How could I know? I'm to be her bridesmaid. Don't you hope it'll be fine on Wednesday, and to-morrow, too, that we may have some tennis?"

Tom said hastily, that there was nothing he had more at heart, or words to that effect.

But whether his wishes were immediately and literally concerned or not, the weather next day could not better have

met Lady Maria's. It was remarkable for characteristics foreign to most days in May—it was both warm and fine. Most of the people staying in the house spent the greater part of the day playing tennis. Among them, of course, Tom and Lady Maria. And, at the end of the day, Tom could not in the least make up his mind whether Lady Maria's pretty figure and sweet face shone most to advantage in her loose soft flannel tennis frock, or the trim dark one he had first seen her in.

"How do some women know what to buy, and not others?" he wondered idly, as he sat under the trees getting cool after an exciting and exhausting victory.

The first night Tom dreamt of Lady Maria at frequent intervals; on the second he could not sleep at all for the thought of her; and he got up on the third morning determined that he would "put his fate to the touch"—ask her if there were any hope at all for him. As to Polly, "his practical test," his final triumph to come—a pair of bright blue eyes, a pretty face, and sweet girlish ways had taken them utterly out of Tom's life for the moment.

He was thoroughly head over ears in love with Lady Maria.

"If she won't have me? Well, let's only hope she will," was all the reasoning Tom was capable of during his shaving that morning.

Luncheon time came; Tom had not nerved himself for the crisis.

At two o'clock the wedding came off, and Tom stood in the church feeling every moment worse, while he watched Lady Maria, who seemed to him more lovely than ever in her faint yellow silk.

The afternoon went by; the bride was gone, every one else going by the evening train, as Tom himself meant to do.

He pulled his courage together; found Lady Maria in the garden; told her he never afterwards could remember what; and listened breathlessly for her answer.

It came,—

"Oh, Mr. Chester, I'm so sorry; but— but I'm engaged! I'm so sorry, though."

He caught the earliest possible train, and had nearly reached home, when his arm was seized by one of the friends—the most obnoxious of them all, Tom thought him at that moment.

"Oh, Chester, old fellow!" he began; "been down at that wedding, haven't you? See Maria Wood there? Told me she was going. Nice girl, don't you think? We're engaged, you know. Only a fortnight,

though; not at all too late for your congratulations."

Tom was close to his own door. He took out his latchkey, and saying to the somewhat discomfited friend: "All right, you shall have them—sometime," let himself in and slammed the door. There was a bright fire in the library. Polly brought his slippers and lit the lamp.

Gradually Tom began to feel a more placid frame of mind coming over him. Lady Maria was sweet. Tom gave a very heavy sigh. She was—well, everything; but, after all, what was the use of thinking about it now? And he could still do mankind that great service, still show them his principle proved by his practical test; and, who could tell?—many might go and do likewise, and the result for the race be beyond words to describe.

The warm glow known only to the benefactor of his race was beginning to overcome Tom's crushed feeling of despair; the fire was warming him thoroughly. He had just decided to send for Polly for an hour's reading, and had mentally chosen the finishing school, when Mrs. Smith's tread was heard outside.

"Come in," Tom said, in answer to her knock.

She came in; stood just inside, twisting her black apron. At last, when Tom turned hastily round and said, "Well?" she began,—

"Yes, sir. Polly, she didn't like to come and tell you herself. She's that silly, when I tell her you'd be sure to be pleased; it's a very good thing for her. Well, sir, it's the postman that brings the evening letters. He's wanted her ever so long; and now he wants her to name the day, and they'll have the banns put up next Sunday—if you're agreeable, sir?"

From The National Review.

A POET'S CORNER.

THE true Poet's Corner is, we maintain, that little spot or ingle-nook, where, in each case, the individual poet in his lifetime loved most to resort. Many nature-loving poets seem out of place in a promiscuous *Campo Santo*, or even in such a place—we say it with all deference to tradition and opinion—as Westminster Abbey. In this abbey the soaring spirit seems thrust down into mediocrity amidst the appalling and overwhelming number of its fellows, each telling its tale of the inevitableness of death and the eclipse of

human greatness. Herded together the "great ones" lose their stature and procerity, nay, even their individuality. Upon the wandering pilgrim, who gathers a name here and there, and stores in his memory a casual inscription, the main impression left is that of the grim impartiality of death. It is difficult to worship greatness or rather its poor relicts, *en masse*, the mind longs to distinguish and individualize, and pay homage to one form of greatness alone. The heroes pass before us in shadowy files, but for each eye there must be some "great Achilles," some great one, who, in the judgment of the bystander or pilgrim, towers head and shoulders above the rest. Joseph Addison has said that when he walked in Westminster Abbey "every emotion of envy died within him," and Edmund Burke testified to a kind of awe that pervaded his mind. But Congreve, perhaps, more truly says that the place strikes

an awe
And terror as of aching sight, the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart;

a feeling which Francis Beaumont echoes when he bids "mortality behold and *fear*." To do justice to the memories of our great poets, we should scarcely cultivate so gruesome a feeling, especially in the case of our nature-loving poets. They themselves may not be wholly responsible for the gloomy and terrible associations of ideas, they the children of the sunlight, the minstrels of the groves and the companions of the moors. Could the disembodied spirits be questioned, they might repudiate the partnership of chilling greatness in a crowded mausoleum, come down from their niches and ask the bystander to accompany them to some favored corner where they had played as children, haunted as men, and in their true vocation as born poets celebrated in verse,—

Singing hymns unbidden
In the light of thought.

Doubtless many a poet would prefer an apotheosis in some very humble but congenial abode, far from the haunts of men, and near a

low cottage in a sunny bay
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks
And the sea-breeze as innocuously breathes
On Devon's leafy shores,

as Coleridge has picturesquely described it. Therefore, their fires should be kept burning, as it were, on rural altars by the

wayside, not in the precincts of a national shrine where they are deified somewhat promiscuously. Even Horace, that courtly and cosmopolitan bard, has indicated his preference for one very especial corner of sunny Italy, near the ancient Tarentum, where spring is long and winter is mild. That little corner, he says, smiles for him more than any other in the world. No city poet but feels occasionally the irksomeness of streets and the dullness of a capital. The author of "Trivia" or "The Art of Walking the Streets of London," has written in his description of "rural sports:"—

Ye happy fields! unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods! where once I used to rove
Alike indulgent to the muse and love;
Ye murmuring streams! that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
Farewell. The city calls me from your bow-
ers,
Farewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful
hours.

And perhaps we may guess where Gay's heart really lay after all; not in the Strand, nor "the ungrateful hurry" of the town, where "life seemed a jest," but in some sequestered spot remembered of old. Then there is the picture of Cowper wandering silently along the banks of the Ouse, sitting in his little ingle-nook or summer-house, round which the roses and honeysuckle grew in profusion, and surveying the world with a quiet philosophy of his own. Here is the place and here are the surroundings which constitute in his case the true Poet's Corner. In Westminster Abbey the absolute nothingness of human life, the *vanitas vanitatum* of all things human are borne in upon you, where even kings have walked to their throne over the dust and graves of their ancestors. Coleridge once said: "On entering a cathedral I am filled with devotion and awe; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite—earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity; and the only sensible impression left is, that I am nothing." Yes, Coleridge is right; for the purposes of pious and religious humiliation a cathedral or abbey have their wholesome influences, but if you go there to worship a human ideal, or a mortal incarnation of wisdom and wit, living only its chill marble life, they are oppressive. You can learn but little from an inscription or bust or memorial tablet, be the workmanship ever so exquisite, or the elegy ever so graceful.

The once mobile features stare vacuously, the life is frozen, the hand is stiff, and the *rigor mortis* is over all. When I have been to our Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey I feel that I have seen something certainly, but learnt very little about a poet, and I feel oppressed.

Perhaps no one would go there to be instructed by simply looking at the mere presentments and effigies of men. There is a gallery of busts and figures before you—nothing more—and the place is consecrated for them and to them. But I would prefer to go where the poet has consecrated his own place and made his own ingle-nook famous. Surely he lives there with a continuous life of his own; he is not dwarfed by his compeers, and he ranges over a goodly space, the sole king of his domain. Could his disembodied spirit be localized anywhere it would be here; here where his brightest fancies came, where his music ran wild and his heart tingled with the first glow of inspiration. Nature-loving and descriptive poets must have their mausoleum, but it will be one which they have chosen for themselves, and for which their thoughts and lives have prepared them. Keats and Shelley lie in appropriate graves—in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Keats, when nearing death, murmured, after lying still for a while, "I feel the flowers growing over me." And we know the flowers grow well in that southern country—to use the words of Shelley himself—"making one in love with death, to think one should be buried in so sweet a place." Better here, surely, than in Westminster Abbey.

Such thoughts as these occurred to me when last I revisited Westminster Abbey, and especially when I stood in the baptistery known as the "Little Poets' Corner," made famous by such names as Keble, Kingsley, Maurice, and Wordsworth. It had chanced that I had been living for some time close to spots in the country consecrated by the presence of Wordsworth and his companion, S. T. Coleridge, in 1793. The glen within a few yards of my door was a favorite resort of the poet and his friends, and had been called the "Poet's Corner." And this prompted a train of reflection. It was a wild and romantic spot through which the echoes of a rushing stream ever sounded; the trees above were tall and umbrageous, and the sanctities of the place as great, if not greater, for their particular purpose, than those of ancient

Westminster Abbey. Wordsworth's body lies most fittingly in Grasmere Churchyard; his seated statue is in Westminster, but his spirit is to be known wherever he has sung. He is "sole king of rocky Cumberland," and lord also of a goodly manor of Somersetshire, where I came to know him and his gentle rule, as many another can know him if he will. A poet acquires a kind of spiritual jurisdiction over the places he has sojourned in and the hills he has haunted. Not with trembling fear or with superstitious awe do we mark the footsteps of the minstrel. His progress is the progress of a prophet we love, his music the chords of everlasting song we hear and love also. At Alfoxden, in the spring of 1798, Wordsworth wrote (and how true always the living picture!):

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
The budding twigs spread out their fans
To catch the breezy air,
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

Close by are the tall holly-trees and lofty arbors of Alfoxden wood, beneath which the poet often paced with his sister Dorothy and with Coleridge, planning great things. They all are dead, but by their presence they have consecrated that grove and immortalized those bird-songs. And the grove is worthy of the poets, and meet to be a Poet's Corner and an inglenook of fame. The thousand blended notes rise daily in the springtime from the throats of the birds. And one may learn to know them all. First in the spring you may hear the white-throated dipper warbling pensively his first note as he sits upon the mossy stone, the thrush is ever ready with his jubilant note, and the blackbird with his mellow whistle. In the tall gray trees above the hollies you will hear in May the starlings chatter, mimicking the whole aviary of the wood; the woodpeckers, or "wood-walls," as they are locally termed, are heard everywhere, and the chaff-chaff gently warbles his amorous refrain. The chaffinch trills his short sweet melody, and the hedge-sparrow whispers, as it were, to its mate, the wren shouts exultingly, the tomtit scolds, and, above in the trees, the wood-pigeon coos in calm, grave undertones. Not far off, by the fallow field close to the heathery moor, the lark from his height pours down his song of mirth. Beautiful and melodious is this chorus anywhere in green

old England, but passing beautiful and melodious when through the cadence of the heavenly music is whispered the poet's name and told the poet's thought.

And yet another place and another consecration. Wordsworth, in his conclusion to "The Prelude," wrote thus, addressing Coleridge:—

But, beloved friend,
When looking back, thou seest, in clearer view
Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,
That summer, under whose indulgent skies,
Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved
Unchecked, or loitered midst her sylvan
combes;
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
Didst chaunt the vision of that ancient man
The bright-eyed mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel;
And I, associate with such labor, steeped
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours.

Here we cannot but notice the joyous associations of the "indulgent skies" of that summer of 1797-98, the testimony to Coleridge's "happy heart." Joy is the key-note of the Quantock period, and if sorrow and tribulation were to come afterwards, as we know they did, neither Coleridge nor Wordsworth anticipated it on "Quantock's airy ridge." The place tells of a poet's joy, a soul's kinship, a life's friendship, and the immortal companionship of genius. And these things are immortal as long as the world lasts and poets dream.

Wordsworth was so enamored of these hills and the open stretches of moorland that he used frequently to haunt them by night. On a still summer night no poet could find a more fascinating peregrination than this. Deep woods and sloping combes afford an endless variety of walks, whether he prefers the more solemn stillness of the oak coppice or the freer aspect of the heather-clad ridges. The paths that in daytime have, as it were, almost shone as green veins along the dark wastes, become nearly indistinguishable grey lines beneath the starlight. As you move along their velvet tracery, trodden out at random between the ling and gorse by the wandering moorland sheep, you feel that you have been transported to a gentle, noiseless world, where the bleating sheep and the shaggy hill-ponies are your only companions. You will hear, now and then, the rustle of the leaves, as some stray rabbit darts away from such a strange apparition as yourself wandering at this unusual hour. You pause again and again to listen, and your eyes strain

into the gloom to penetrate its wonders, for you know that there are more moving things beneath its mantle than you can know. You are face to face with the mysteries of the night, and are being introduced to the world of bats, owls, night-jars, mice, moths (for the Quantocks are famous for their moths), and to innumerable families of creation. The stately Quantock stag, that has couched all day among some dry ferns, steps forth in confidence upon the borders of the night. Now is his time, this is his kingdom. I have seen him before now in his full-antlered glory, glide rather than gallop—for the indistinct vision of man loses at night the minor incidents of form and motion—across some open glade, dark as a shadow, and nearly indiscernible but for the momentary glint of the moon upon his antlers and “beamed front.” Then his footfall is as noiseless as a cat’s. The hoof touches the soft carpet and expands as it touches along a swiftly marked *vestigium*. The Quantocks are famed for their velvet paths, and the hillside is covered, especially in a wet season, with a natural integument as soft and springy as a Brussels carpet. But it needs the morning light to confirm the vision you have seen, and the sight of a firmly indented hoof on a soft place to reassure your senses. It is no phantom stag, bred of the opiate humor of the night, but a noble deer, judging from his “slot” or track; a “warrantable” animal, with all his “rights,” and destined to lead the hunt a merry chase one day.

Then the Quantocks abound in owls and night-jars. If you go there during the nesting season you will hear them on all sides. That bird which, on silent wing, almost touches you as he swoops by, is a brown owl, descendant of a family that have nested in the coppice below for many generations. The white owl is commoner, and you hear him in May hooting round his well-known haunts. They are the soft spirits of the moorland, sweet ministers of peace and calm; their wings are the instruments of perfect motion, winnowing the perfumed air of night. To all the owl is a welcome bird. Who knows but that he carries on his rounds some bird news of the evening’s dusky border, that he is a night watcher guarding their homes, a policeman with a beat, a postman carrying in his weird “Tu whit, tu whoo” a revelation of a mysterious world, unintelligible to us. When Coleridge wrote “Christabel” on the Quantocks, he began with an inspiration on the owl:—

’Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing
cock.

Tu whit!—tu whoo!
And hark again! the crowing cock
How drowsily it crew.

But the night-bird *par excellence* of the Quantocks is the fern-owl, or night-jar. Climb any ridge that divides one combe from another and listen to their purring, drumming challenge from hill to hill. How the sound rises and falls as the flaps of wind carry the note of the strange ventriloquist to your ears! Now it is but a murmurous prologue, thrilling the moor with a drowsy monotone, like a night minstrel attuning a weird note to the spirit of the scene, and sending a soothing lullaby among the tenants of the combs; now, again, the purring swells into a louder and more triumphant challenge, revelling in its own strange echoes and holding a dominion in the world of night sounds, drowning the scream of the owl, the last double note of the wandering cuckoo—for the cuckoo is a belated bird, uttering his refrain far into the night along the moorland—and even the sound of the distant streams. If you move cautiously you may see him sitting along the branch of a fir or oak tree drumming away to his mate below. If you disturb him he will flit noiselessly away, and you will hear his low note as he hawks over the furze for food; but he will surely return to his accustomed perch, and send his bagpipe-note over the moor till morning. The Quantock cuckoo, which seems above all others to be especially jubilant in his note, like the Quantock lark, will seem, to use Wordsworth’s own words, more like “a wandering voice” than ever. You have never had a chance of seeing him flitting on his strange evening errand hawk-like over the hills.

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass
At once far off and near.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring,
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

Over all, now that the voice of genius has spoken, lies “the consecration and the poet’s dream.” The earth is richer by his gift, the combs and hills made more jubilant by his verse. The harmonies of the classic land are greater, and yet one more Poet’s Corner for ancient England! We cannot wonder, then, that Coleridge

should write to Cottle and say: "These hills and woods and streams and the sea and shores would break forth in reproaches against us, if we did not strain every nerve to keep their poet (Wordsworth) amongst them. Without joking, and in serious sadness, Poole and I cannot endure to think of losing him." But they lost him; and those heather-clad hills; near which the Severn Sea makes pleasant music in summer, have been desolate ever since. Here, too, amongst the sequestered combs rises the sound of many "a beck" without which Wordsworth, we know, never was happy. Fit place to inspire the "Sonnets to the River Duddon"!

Just at this time there was, we know, an inspiration of another kind going on in the breast of Wordsworth. Not only was he a poet of nature but also of mankind. At the time of the "Lyrical Ballads," there is, apart from his theories as a poetical reformer, a key-note of tenderness and humanity which breaks through the poet, strictly so called, and displays the man. His poetic ecstasy was, to use his own words, "Felt in the blood and felt along the heart." Wordsworth found in nature a great educating medium, a passion and a poem speaking, amongst other things, of the love of man to man. Under the Quantocks the "thorn tree" suggests the story of poor "Martha Ray," and a natural picture is sketched, throwing into relief human suffering and all the pathos of life. "The Last of the Flock," also written on the Quantocks, introduces its own tale of suffering. Simon Lee, the old huntsman, is the worn-out veteran struggling with a mattock, in the vain endeavor to uproot a stump of wood.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell;
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.

The poor are always with us, now and then, although their social condition is considerably altered since Wordsworth's time. In the eighth book of "The Prelude" the poet strikes a note that should go sounding through the ages. The love of nature leads to the love of man:—

In the midst stood man,
Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,
As of all visible nature crown, though born
Of dust, and kindred to the worm; a being
Both in perception and discernment, first
In every capability of rapture.

The first introduction of Wordsworth to London crushed and hurried him, and "a

weight of ages descended upon his heart." But the sight of all the misery there was not able to "overthrow my trust in what we may become."

Thus from an early age, O Friend,
My thoughts by slow gradations had been
drawn

To human-kind and to the good and ill
Of human life: nature had led me on
And oft amid the "busy hum," I seemed
To travel independent of her help,
As if I had forgotten her; but no,
The world of human-kind outweighed not her
In my habitual thoughts; the scale of love,
Though filling daily, still was light, compared
With that in which her mighty objects lay.

The voice of "poor humanity" was always pleading with Wordsworth, and his sympathy, as well as that of Coleridge, with the struggles for liberty and freedom in France, to be withdrawn only when the champions of liberty disgraced their cause and ran riot in blood and butchery, was an early sign of his compassion with the poor and down-trodden. The times seemed to be out of joint, and it was a question whether the Susquehanna and a pantisocracy were not preferable to England and prejudice. By the time Wordsworth had settled at Alfoxden he had probably forgotten his pantisocracy, and was disillusioned of some of his French sympathies. Yet he was looked upon in this little corner of Somersetshire as a Jacobin, a smuggler, and a French spy, and poor Dorothy was regarded as a culpable accomplice. Yet what a monstrous charge to bring! Here "the Solitary" is engaged on lofty thought, and is contemplating his high mission. His heart is warm, and his sympathies are kind, and he loves the poor despised "hinds" and laborers around him, because his mind is elevated, and his affections are true. He is no dreaming enthusiast and fanatical worshipper of nature. Man is the central figure; man, with his infinite capacities, high intelligence, and regal position. Of London he writes:—

How oft, amid those overflowing streets,
Have I gone forward with the crowd and said
Unto myself, the face of every one
That passes by me is a mystery!

To understand the wondrous web of
human life, to face its problems, and grasp
its difficulties, he says,

attention springs,
And comprehensiveness and memory flow
From early converse with the works of God.

Since Wordsworth composed "The Prelude," nearly a hundred years have passed

over London, making the problems infinitely more puzzling, and its life infinitely more complex. England threatens to be swallowed up in one vast metropolis, where every one crowds and jostles, rendering life and existence more unendurable than ever. The villages are depleted of their population, and the old rural life is being forgotten or obscured. This is an age when the steady influences of country life are needed more than ever to repair the waste of hurry and excitement. Is there not a bitter cry from depleted shires as well as from the overgrown metropolis? Cannot the cultured and the leisured give a little more attention to a Wordsworthian vision, or to the Wordsworthian ideal? To live with nature, to know her transient moods, to love her as a nurse, to know her as a companion, to feel that in rural England there is before the leisured the simplest and the noblest and most dutiful life for all, to be in touch with the harmonies of nature, to go to the fountain sources of inspiration, and from all this to educe a love of mankind and a practical philanthropy, is a great and noble ideal. One may dream it, if nothing more, sitting by a Poet's Corner, and following in the spirit of his high narrative reach the ultimate goal he points out. Of one thing I feel sure; poor neglected rural England requires a poet and a prophet. Can Wordsworth recall us to the realities of our rural life, and give us a cult as true, and a philosophy as sound, as that of the great classic poets was false and unreal? I fancy I can hear from this ingle-nook the voice of those who object and say: "A pretty, very pretty and taking philosophy, but is it attainable for many? In other words, is it possible for many to be Wordsworthians, and at the same time practical men of the world?" I maintain that it is; and that many leisured and cultured people can find in Wordsworth a practical motive for philanthropy on very exalted lines. Wordsworth sets out with a passionate love of nature, and all the works of the Creator. Man is the noblest of God's works, and he claims our first attention. It is monstrous that in the midst of all the beauty and salubrity of the outer world God's image should be defaced, and the divine lineaments obscured. Squalid misery is an offence against the beauty of the natural world, and the sight of it makes the charitable heart well up with sympathy. This feeling is different from the simple intellectual appreciation of beauty, which may begin and end with

ourselves, and was the heritage of the ancient Hellenes to a greater extent, perhaps, than it ever can be with ourselves. No, it is a feeling that the symmetry of things, and the harmony of the world is disturbed by our social and artificial arrangements, and the voice of the natural world pleads against unsightliness. The feeling aroused is not precisely a moral law, but it is to the individual a strong injunction of right doing. It is perennial because it draws its inspiration from the outer world and the beautiful and fair things of creation which never fail, and are always renewed. Moreover, it tallies with the direct injunction of heaven, and the precepts of revelation.

Wordsworth left far behind him the age of Strepson and Chloe, and the artificialities of a vain classical revival. He has bequeathed to us, it seems to me, a great and wide philosophy, which is not necessarily esoteric or selfish, but one which many can take up when and how they please, either wholly or in part. Whenever the beauty and symmetry of the natural world come home to a receptive mind, whenever the observant eye can see, or the ear can listen, and the organs of our human body are sensitive to outward impressions, there is the germ of a philosophy. Taine, the French critic, has written of Wordsworth: "When I shall have emptied my head of all worldly thoughts, and looked up at the clouds for ten years to refine my soul, I shall love this poetry. Meanwhile, the reel of imperceptible threads, by which Wordsworth endeavors to bind together all sentiments, and embrace all nature, breaks in my fingers; it is too fragile; it is a woof of woven spider-web, spun by a metaphysical imagination, and tearing as soon as a solid hand tries to touch it." Not so; neither the statement nor the description is true, although we may not wonder at M. Taine's difficulty in understanding Wordsworth. To such a critic, perhaps, the talent and genius of Richard Jefferies would be equally inscrutable. But an ordinary nature-loving Briton can understand him and follow him, if he can only come to close quarters with him and follow him to his hidden retreat, bask in his "light of thought," and track him along the paths of his revelation, and peer into his favored ingle-nook and the true Poet's Corner. Very often we leave the appreciation of these local sanctities to colonists and Americans, who seem to have a better perspective than ourselves. But once approach the *adytum* in a proper

spirit, and you are face to face with the divinity that haunts it. We are standing by the well of inspiration, the very fount of Castalia, where we can watch the bubbles break, and hear the eternal melody of the hills.

We put off our shoes from off our feet as it were, and stand on sacred ground. We listen for the sermon, and it comes thrilling from the woods and down the leafy corridors. The stream bears a message, and the winds float a song of peace. From the Poet's Corner comes a voice sounding the eternal verities, and we stand listening as pilgrims at a shrine. The light strikes on the Memnon statue, and it speaks, and gives back the answer we crave.

So we may learn a poet by glimpse and intuition. Beneath the open dome of heaven, not the fretted vault of temples, where the object and motives of our devotions are completely different, beneath the leafy screen of the jubilant woods, not behind the carved and dusty screens of antiquity, in the glorious pageantry of the eternal hills, not behind the light of painted glass, be it never so dim and sacred, by the wayside shrine of the poet rather than in the awful precincts of a national Campo Santo, in the temple of the skies rather than in the temples made with hands, we catch the spiritual presence of the poet who truly loves nature, and is her best interpreter. Could we know a poet thus face to face and in the light of day, we should put aside our sense of gloom, and half forget the taint of his mortality. From the freshness of the natural world he speaks to us, and is the veritable *genius loci*. A close acquaintance will bring pleasurable emotions, and bequeath a life-long memory; and, with Horace, the pilgrim may say of his Poet's Corner, wherever he chooses or chances to come across it, —

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
Angulus risit.

W. H. GRESWELL.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE FINDING OF "CRUSOE."

WHEN Captain Woodes Rogers, in 1708, arranged for his privateering expedition to the South Seas, he doubtless expected to encounter many strange experiences and adventures. He never imagined, however, that one incident in his celebrated voyage would be the origin of what

is undoubtedly the most popular and wide-read piece of romantic fiction. It is generally allowed that Alexander Selkirk, the Scottish mariner, was the original of Defoe's immortal castaway; but it is only a few readers — comparatively speaking — who are aware of the real facts concerning the rescue of the lonely colonist. In 1712 Captain Rogers published his journal of a cruising voyage round the world, and this has now been reprinted, with notes and illustrations, by Mr. Robert C. Leslie, under the title of "Life Aboard a British Privateer in the Reign of Queen Anne" (London: Chapman & Hall).

It was on the 2nd of August, 1708, that Captain Rogers's expedition left Bristol roads, and it consisted of the Duke, burden about 320 tons, having 30 guns and 117 men; and the Duchess, burden about 260 tons, 26 guns and 108 men; both well furnished with all necessaries on board for a distant undertaking.

The Cove of Cork was reached on the seventh, and here the ships were subjected to a thorough overhaul preparatory to departing on their lengthened and adventurous enterprise. Here, also, several seamen were shipped in place of some who had come from Bristol, "who being ordinary fellows and not fit for our employment," were summarily dismissed. During the stay at Cork, Captain Rogers complains of his men "continually marrying," and mentions one instance of a match between a Dane and an "Irish woman," when the services of an interpreter had to be called in. In this case the parting was a sad one, "the fellow continued melancholy for several days after we were at sea;" while the others parted in the best of spirits on either side.

The ships' companies included several who had already seen service in the same kind of expeditions, notably "William Dampier, pilot for the South Seas, who had been already three times there, and twice round the world;" and some others of the famous Captain Dampier's crews and officers. The crews numbered in all three hundred and thirty-three men, and at the best were a somewhat "mixed multitude," as the narrator informs us there were included "tinkers, taylors, haymakers, pedlers, fidlers, etc., one negro, and about ten boys. With this mixed gang we hoped to be well manned, as soon as they had learnt the use of arms and got their sea-legs, which we doubted not soon to teach 'em, and bring them to discipline."

We quote this merely to show the diffi-

culties these old explorers had to contend with, and as an instance of the daring shown in attempting these adventurous and dangerous expeditions. The officers were double the number usually carried, in order to provide for casualties and probable mutinies.

On September 1st, the expedition at last departed in company with some other vessels bound to foreign parts; but on the sixth, Captain Rogers parted company with the rest of the fleet, and set sail for Madeira. Here it was intended to lay in a supply of wines, as "our men were but meanly clad, yet good liquor to sailors is preferable to clothing!" Difficulties with the motley crews were soon apparent. A mutiny broke out on the eleventh because they were not permitted to plunder a Swedish barque they overhauled. This was speedily suppressed, and the ringleaders punished. On the eighteenth they made their first prize off Grand Canary; this was a small Spanish ship with forty-five passengers on board, including four "fryars." One of the latter, we are told, was "a good, honest old fellow," who waxed merry drinking King Charles III.'s health; "but the rest were of the wrong sort." Abstainers were evidently not approved of in those days. The wine and brandy on board were confiscated; and on arrival at Orotava, negotiations for the ransom of the barque and prisoners were with some difficulty arranged, and the expedition continued its course.

The equator was crossed a few days later, and the usual dues paid to Neptune by the novices. About sixty of the crew were ducked three times overboard, others preferring to pay a fine of half-a-crown. This ducking "proved of great use to our fresh-water sailors, to recover the color of their skins, which were grown very black and nasty."

We have not space to follow the various fortunes of the expedition, so will hurry on to the more immediate subject of this article.

After touching at St. Vincent and one or two other places, the coast of Brazil was reached, and Captain Rogers enters upon a lengthy disquisition on that country and its history. Nothing very important transpired for the next few weeks. Cape Horn was safely doubled, and on January 15th, 1709, the ships entered the South Sea. Several of the men were now suffering from scurvy, and it was determined to make with all speed for the island of Juan Fernandez. Of its exact position, however, they were unaware,

none of their charts agreeing as to its latitude or longitude, and being a small island, they were in great fears they might miss it. Their usual luck did not in this instance desert them, and on January 31st, at seven o'clock in the morning, they made the island, on which they found Alexander Selkirk. We think it best to give the account of Selkirk's rescue in the pithy and quaint language of Captain Woodes Rogers himself:—

February 1.—About two yesterday in the afternoon we hoisted our pinnace out; Captain Dover with the boat's crew went in her to go ashore, tho' we could not be less than four leagues off. As soon as the pinnace was gone, I went on board the Duchess, who admired our boat attempted going ashore at that distance from land. As soon as it was dark, we saw a light ashore; our boat was then about a league from the island, and bore away for the ships as soon as she saw the lights. We put out lights aboard for the boat, tho' some were of opinion the lights we saw were our boat's lights; but as night came on, it appeared too large for that. We fired our quarter-deck gun and several muskets, showing lights in our mizzen and fore-shrouds, that our boat might find us, whilst we plied in the lee of the island. About two in the morning our boat came on board; we were glad they got well off, because it begun to blow. We were all convinced the light is on the shore, and design to make our ships ready to engage, believing them to be French ships at anchor, and we must either fight 'em or want water, etc.

Febr. 2.—We stood along the south end of the island in order to lay in with the first southerly wind, which Captain Dampier told us generally blows there all day long. The flaws came heavy off the shore, and we were forced to reef our top-sails when we opened the middle bay where we expected to find our enemy, but saw all clear, and saw no ships in that nor the other bays. We guessed there had been ships there, but that they were gone on sight of us. We sent our yawl ashore about noon, with Captain Dover, Mr. Frye, and six men all armed. Our boat did not return, so we sent our pinnace with the men armed, to see what was the occasion of the yawl's stay; for we were afraid that the Spaniards had a garrison there, and might have seized them. We put out a signal for our boat, and the Duchess showed a French ensign. Immediately our pinnace returned from the

shore, and brought abundance of crawfish, with a Man clothed in goatskins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them. He had been on the island four years and four months, being left there by Captain Stradling in the Cinque-Ports. His name was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch man, who had been master of the Cinque-Ports, a ship that came here last with Captain Dampier, who told me that this was the best man in her; so I immediately agreed with him to be a mate on board our ship. 'Twas he that made the fire last night when he saw our ships, which he judged to be English. During his stay here, he saw several ships pass by, but only two came in to anchor. As he went to view 'em, he found 'em to be Spaniards, and retired from 'em; upon which they shot at him. Had they been French, he would have submitted; but chose to risk his dying alone on the island rather than fall into the hands of the Spaniards in these parts, because he apprehended they would murder him, or make a slave of him in the mines, for he feared they would spare no stranger that might be capable of discovering the South Sea. The Spaniards had landed before he knew what they were, and they came so near him that he had much ado to escape; for they not only shot at him, but pursued him into the woods, where he climbed to the top of a tree, where they halted and killed several goats just by, but went off again without discovering him. He told us that he was born at Largo, in the county of Fife, in Scotland, and was bred a sailor from his youth. The reason of his being left here was a difference betwixt him and his captain; which, together with the ships being leaky, made him willing rather to stay here than go along with him at first; and when he was at last willing, the captain would not receive him. He had been in the island before to wood and water, when two of the ship's company were left upon it for six months till the ship returned, being chased thence by two French South Sea ships. [From this it will be seen that Selkirk was not the first involuntary inhabitant of Juan Fernandez.]

He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, some practical pieces, and his mathematical instruments and books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could; but for the first eight months had much ado to bear up against melancholy, and the terror of being left alone in

such a desolate place. He built two huts with pimento trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun as he wanted, so long as his powder lasted, which was but a pound; and that being near spent, he got fire by rubbing two sticks of pimento wood together upon his knee. In the lesser hut, at some distance from the other, he dressed his victuals, and in the larger he slept and employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying; so that he said he was a better Christian while in this solitude than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again. At first he never ate anything till hunger constrained him, partly for grief, and partly for want of bread and salt; nor did he go to bed till he could watch no longer; the pimento wood, which burnt very clear, served him both for firing and candle, and refreshed him with its pleasant smell.

He might have had fish enough, but could not eat 'em for want of salt, except crawfish, which are there as large as lobsters, and very good. These he sometimes boiled, and at others broiled, as he did his goats' flesh, of which he made very good broth, for they are not so rank as ours. He kept an account of five hundred that he killed while there, and caught as many more, which he marked on the ear and let go. When his powder failed, he took them by speed of foot; for his way of living and continued exercise of walking and running cleared him of all gross humors, so that he ran with wonderful swiftness thro' the woods and up the rocks and hills, as we perceived when we employed him to catch goats for us. We had a bulldog which we sent with several of our nimblest runners to help him in catching goats; but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought 'em to us on his back. He told us that his agility in pursuing a goat had once like to have cost him his life; he pursued it with so much eagerness, that he caught hold of it on the brink of a precipice, of which he was not aware, the bushes having hid it from him; so that he fell with the goat down the said precipice a great height, and was so stunned and bruised with the fall that he narrowly escaped with his life; and when he came to his senses, found the goat dead under him. He lay there about twenty-four hours, and was scarce able to crawl to his hut, which was about a mile distant, or to stir abroad again in ten days.

He came at last to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread, and in the season had plenty of good turnips, which had been sowed there by Captain Dampier's men, and have now overspread some acres of ground. He had enough of good cabbage from the cabbage-trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the pimento trees, which is the same as the Jamaica pepper, and smells deliciously.

He soon wore out all his shoes and clothes by running thro' the woods; and at last being forced to shift without them, his feet became so hard that he run everywhere without annoyance; and it was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him; for not being used to any so long, his feet swelled when he came first to wear them again.

After he had conquered his melancholy, he diverted himself sometimes by cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left and continuance there. He was at first much pestered with cats and rats, that had bred in great numbers from some of each species which had got ashore from ships that put in there to wood and water. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes while asleep, which obliged him to cherish the cats with his goats' flesh; by which many of them became so tame that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats. He likewise tamed some kids, and to divert himself would now and then sing and dance with them and his cats; so that by the care of providence and vigor of his youth, being now about thirty years old, he came at last to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude and to be very easy. When his clothes wore out he made himself a coat and cap of goatskins, which he stitched together with little thongs of the same that he cut with his knife. He had no other needle but a nail; and when his knife was worn to the back, he made others as well as he could of some iron hoops that were left ashore, which he beat thin and ground upon stones. Having some linen cloth by him, he sewed himself shirts with a nail, and stitched 'em with the worsted of his own stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when we found him on the island.

At his first coming on board us, he had so much forgot his language for want of use, that we could scarce understand him; for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram; but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water since his being there, and 'twas

some time before he could relish our victuals.

Such is the simple but interesting account of the discovery and rescue of Selkirk; and it was no doubt the reading of this which first inspired Defoe to plan his most famous literary conception, "Robinson Crusoe."

Besides the two sailors mentioned previously as living alone on Juan Fernandez, there are others mentioned by other writers. Ringrose, in his account of the voyage of Captain Sharp, the buccaneer, mentions one man who was the only survivor of a wreck and who lived here quite alone for five years. Captain Dampier also tells of a Mosquito Indian left here by mistake, and remaining for three years, till rescued by Dampier in 1684. In Selkirk's case his exile was not without its advantages, for the ship he left was shortly afterwards lost and only a few of the crew escaped.

After Selkirk got over the melancholy feelings engendered by his loneliness at first, he seems to have become tolerably reconciled to his solitary condition; and as Captain Woodes Rogers quaintly observes: "We may perceive by this story the truth of the maxim, that necessity is the mother of invention, since he found means to supply his wants in a very natural manner, so as to maintain his life, tho' not so conveniently, yet as effectually as we are able to do with the help of all our arts and society. It may likewise instruct us how much a plain and temperate way of living conduces to the health of the body and the vigor of the mind, both which we are apt to destroy by excess and plenty, especially of strong liquor, and the variety as well as the nature of our meat and drink; for this man, when he came to our ordinary method of diet and life, tho' he was sober enough, lost much of his strength and agility."

With which highly sensible moral disquisition we will take leave of our gallant author and privateersman and the rescued "Crusoe."

From The Times.

THE NEW JAPANESE CONSTITUTION.

THE constitution which has just been proclaimed by the mikado to his people has been expected for several years with intense interest. From the dawn of history—which in the case of Japan may

be put at two or three centuries before the Christian era—the government of the country has been a pure despotism down to Monday last. From the divine age of Japanese mythology down to this prosaic third quarter of the nineteenth century the mikados in an unbroken line have governed the country, or it has been administered in their names, with unlimited and irresponsible power. His Majesty Mutsuhito, like his ancestor of the tenth or of the first century, claims his throne by right divine such as was never arrogated in Europe, for he claims a direct descent from the gods, and styles himself the Son of Heaven. And until quite recently the mikados lived surrounded by an atmosphere of awe and solemnity which well became their divine descent; no man ever gazed upon their faces, and when their ministers had to interview them a screen, impenetrable from the outside, was placed between the Son of Heaven and the mere mortals who governed the country in his name. And although for nearly twenty years past the present emperor has moved among his subjects like an ordinary sovereign, the theory of his unbroken descent from the gods through thousands of years has been asserted again and again in imperial decrees and other public documents, and will in all probability be announced anew in the opening lines of the new constitution. Under these circumstances, the constitution itself is treated as a free and gracious gift of sovereign to people; it is nothing to which the latter are in any degree entitled, or which the sovereign is bound in conscience or morality to grant; the emperor has been pleased to give up a certain portion of the power which has been his since the beginning of time, and, of his great bounty, to endow his people with it, ordering at the same time that it shall be exercised after a certain manner. The amount of the power thus conferred on the people and the manner of its exercise form the new constitution, and it is no more open to the people to criticise, to complain that they ought to get more than they have got, or that what they do get should be given in a different manner than it is to any one on whom a favor is bestowed to criticise his benefactor. It would be improper, indecent, and highly ungrateful. All this may sound strange to English ears as a constitutional theory; but it is the theory distinctly laid down a year or eighteen months ago to an assembly of all the local governors of the country by the then prime minister,

who instructed them to make these views known in all their districts. The emperor was graciously pleased to make a present of part of what was and had ever been his to his people; he need not have done it, but of his grace he had done it; the people should be grateful for the imperial munificence—and there was an end of it.

In 1881 the mikado announced that in 1889 the representative system would be introduced, and a Parliament would be established. Several years before a system of local elective assemblies to perform part of the work of local government had been introduced, and as it appeared to have worked successfully, it was thought that the application of the elective principle to the imperial government might, after due preparation and with adequate safeguards, be attempted with hopes of a similar success. There were some members of the government who thought that undue caution was being exercised in deferring the creation of a Parliament for eight years, and some of these went so far as to resign office on this account. But as time went on it was seen that eight years were none too many for the work that had to be done. First of all the particular form of constitution had to be settled, and then the changes in it rendered necessary by the peculiar circumstances of Japan had to be defined; then a peerage had to be created, or, rather, revived, and all the machinery for the carrying on of elections throughout the country and for the work of the Parliament when it was elected had to be provided and placed in working order. The change in the system of administration itself was obviously one of great moment, and could not be too cautiously carried out, and hence, although the time of preparation was long, it has been fully occupied. The constitution of Prussia appears to have been the model most closely followed. The upper house will consist of the old daimios, or territorial nobles, a number of nominees of the emperor—probably those who hold or have held high office—and elected members, probably elected, as in Prussia, for certain districts by landowners, or the representatives of large towns or public institutions such as universities, chambers of commerce, and the like. The lower house is to be wholly elected on a franchise which would be high anywhere, but which is especially high in Japan, where the great mass of the people is poor. The electors are those paying the sum of \$25, or about £5, annually in taxes, and of the

age of twenty-five — also the age in Prussia. Liberty of religion, granted by the new constitution, has practically existed in Japan for fourteen or fifteen years past; but freedom of speech and the right of public meeting have not, and it will be well to await the full text of the constitution in order to see how these gifts are limited and defined. Nor have we any adequate information respecting the powers of the Parliament. That it "will exercise legislative functions, and will have control of financial affairs within certain limits" is certain; but, of course, it was impossible to detail in a telegraphic message the functions and the limits, although everything depends on these. It may, however, be taken for granted that the Japanese ministries will be wholly independent of the votes of the Parliament; the mikado alone will appoint and dismiss his ministers, and an adverse Parliamentary vote will have no more effect on their fate than on that of Prince Bismarck. The importance of one reform, however, cannot be obscured even by unavoidable telegraphic brevity. Judges are to be irremovable except by special law, passed, it is to be presumed, by the Parliament. Hitherto Japanese judges have been appointed and dismissed like ordinary officials; they held their offices by the good-will of their superiors, and a judge was held in no more honor than any any other official. This circumstance was frequently insisted on by those who objected to giving the Japanese jurisdiction over foreigners; but the objection is now removed, and the Japanese government may be congratulated on having had the courage to deal with the subject in this effective manner.

A month or six weeks hence the full details of the constitution will reach this country through the ordinary channels, and it will then be possible to judge how far the emperor has gone in the direction of popular government and in concession to what are generally called, though not by his ministers, popular rights. But there is enough to show that the representative principle is broadly and firmly established in the country; and that the great leap in the dark has been taken. That it may result in increased happiness and welfare to the Japanese people will be the wish of all Englishmen, and the career of Japan during the past twenty years leads us to believe that her people will use with judgment, moderation, and success the new instrument of self-government which is now placed in their hands.

From The Argosy.

BRUSSELS. JUNE, 1815.

BY THE HON. MRS. ARMYTAGE.

THERE are three ladies still living among us who can recall many details of those eventful days when the battle of Waterloo was fought, the heavy cannonading almost within sound, as they pursued their daily tasks in a quaint old house in the Rue de la Blanchisserie at Brussels. More than this, these three ladies are sisters, and are the sole survivors of the thirteen children of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond.

As they sit by their quiet firesides and muse of the long years past and gone, what memories of those days must flit across their minds in this year 1889, as some chance word or inquiry brings back to their thoughts those bright June days seventy-three years ago, when the large family party were gathered round the duke and duchess. With faithful memory they relate much that is interesting, and we look with wonder at these octogenarians, and think of the thrilling events with which their young lives were once so closely associated.

At the time when the peace of Europe had been disturbed by the reappearance of Napoleon, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond were settled in Brussels, living in that house, the site of which has lately been so fully discussed.

Three of the duke's sons were already holding commissions in the army, — Lord March, Lord George, and Lord William. The latter, very lately gazetted to the Blues, met with a bad accident while staying at the Château d'Enghien with the Duke of Wellington; an accident which prevented his being present at the battle of Waterloo, and occasioned the loss of the sight of one eye. The great duke was an intimate friend, so that military enthusiasm was found in every member of the family.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond mixed in all the society of Brussels, and often entertained at their own house. Three of the Ladies Lennox were of an age to take part in any festivities, and "Lodge's Peerage" tells that the second daughter, Lady Sarah, was married a very few months after Waterloo was fought to one who had distinguished himself in that action, one of the duke's staff-officers.

All the researches lately discussed as to the exact situation of the house have only proved its utter destruction, and that no traces of the old house exist. Even

the large chestnut-trees have been cut down. But in 1815 it stood in its own grounds, with fruit and flower garden reaching to the city ramparts; but the ladies alluded to are clear in their recollections of the plan of the rooms, and distinctly deny the idea (propounded by some one) that the famous "Waterloo ball" was given in a coach-builder's store-room. For they can tell of the *porte cochère* through which they passed to the garden entrance; of another approach to the hall, passing by the stables, with their recollection of the position of billiard-room, dining-room, and their father's study, passing up a few steps to the long room appropriated as a schoolroom for the younger branches of the family, and which they are all equally certain was the actual apartment used as a ball-room upon this eventful evening.

It was certainly no "high hall" with windowed niche, but a long, narrow room with windows on the side facing the stables. No doubt the ball had been arranged some time, and the great duke had no wish that it should be postponed on account of the reported approach of the French army, though many English families had been frightened into retreating from Brussels, and post-horses were kept harnessed in readiness at the Duke of Richmond's stables in case bad news from the scene of conflict should make it advisable for the children to be sent to Antwerp.

A large number of our troops were already out of reach, the Guards were at Enghien, and few, if any, of the officers, could have obtained leave to attend the ball.

The nearest neighbors in Brussels appear to have been violent Bonapartists, and were prepared to entertain Napoleon in great style, when he had successfully forced the British army to retreat and should himself enter the Belgian capital in triumph. Lord Byron's lines in "Childe Harold" are so engraven on men's minds that it was long believed that the ball actually took place on the seven-teenth of June, and that the orders for the route were delivered in the very midst of the festivities. Not so. It was on the fifteenth of June; and as the guests arrived and passed through the hall and on to the ball-room, so the evening went on without a panic of any sort.

Certainly, while merry couples were flying round, a despatch reached the Duke of Wellington from the front, and he asked his host for a private room where

he could speak to one or two of the generals who were present. The duchess's dressing room was the only convenient apartment safe from intrusion. Candles were hastily lit on the dressing-table, at which the duke sat with a map of the country before him, and having explained certain points to his staff, they all rejoined the company and left the house without attracting any remark.

Very few indeed, if any, guessed how near the crisis was which should decide the fate of Europe; and it never entered into the minds of the happy girls as they danced so gaily that to many of their partners it might possibly be the very last dance they would ever enjoy.

Lady Georgina is the only sister still living who was grown up then, whilst Lady Louisa and Lady Sophia were only old enough to look on as children while their elder sisters danced all night. Of these three sisters all are now widows, Lady Georgina having married the late Lord de Ros, a gallant soldier, who distinguished himself in the Crimean campaign. Lady Louisa is the widow of Mr. Tighe, of Woodstock, an Irish landlord, whose memory is still loved and respected all through the county of Kilkenny. Lady Sophia married the late Lord Thomas Cecil, who held a commission in the 10th Hussars.

From the lips of these ladies we gather these interesting reminiscences. How they remember the soldier brother's farewell on the day after the ball (Lord George's charger was killed under him at Waterloo), with recollections of the anxiety felt by all on the following day. How the news of the great victory speedily reached the duchess, her husband having ridden out to see how the battle raged, having witnessed the splendid charge of English troops which decided the day and scattered the proud Imperial Guard.

Too well can they remember seeing rough country carts coming slowly into town carrying wounded men to the hospitals, the accommodation supplemented by lace-merchants and city people giving up rooms and warehouses for their reception, whilst the little ladies were soon permitted to take dainty nourishment and little comforts to the disabled heroes of Waterloo.

A visit of congratulation to the great commander is also impressed on the mind as they went with the duchess to see the duke a few days after, for her children were his special favorites; and they recall that his face was sad and his words sor-

rowful as he spoke of the loss of so many gallant men. Then, ere long, a visit to the battle-field and a glance at the chateau of Houguemont, with purchase of real relics as they were collected from the fragments of shot and shell, and shattered remnants of cavalry and infantry accoutrements. Then the great day of public thanksgiving, when the Prince of Orange at the head of all his troops marched through Brussels and into the cathedral for a service of praise, and the *Te Deum* was sung by a hundred voices for deliverance from the foe, Lord March (their brother) standing close to the prince, whose A.D.C. he was. Then a few more weeks, and the arrival of the famous story-telling historian and novelist is an event not to be forgotten, as Sir Walter Scott appears a guest at the Duke of Richmond's table, determined to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the details of the campaign for his "Life of Napoleon."

Thus, though stones and buildings have disappeared, and no trace of house or garden be left, the recollections of living actors in the scenes recall to those who are privileged to listen all the painful excitement of those days gone by at Brussels in 1815.

From The Spectator.

THE EUROPEAN POSITION IN AFRICA.

THE outlook is a melancholy one for the moment, and all the more because no remedy is perceptible that can be applied at once. There is no precaution visible, except the impossible one of an alliance with the dervishes or the slave-traders, which would prevent the spread of this aggressive Mahomedanism. The country declines the effort which the subjugation of the dervishes would involve, and, indeed, it may be doubted if it possesses the necessary strength. How are we to reconquer Wadai, now held by seventy thousand fanatics, at a distance of two thousand miles from the sea, or restore the half-Christian king of Uganda, or protect the scattered missionary settlements on the lakes, or defend the equatorial provinces, or even arrest the movement as it descends the Niger or the Congo? Ten miles from the coast or the great rivers, we are but units in Africa, we have as yet organized no acclimatized force, we have cut no roads that can be traversed; and if we appeal to our usual resources, and send either white soldiers

or Sikhs, we are baffled at every step by difficulties of transport which seem insuperable, and which the experts tell us can be conquered only by years of persevering effort and expenditure. The work of opening communication is possible, and labor is plentiful and cheap; but with all negro Mussulmans in open hostility, who is to protect the laborers? We cannot be sending out half a-dozen Ashantee expeditions all at once; and if we could, the country is not willing to make so considerable an effort. All that we can do at once is to rely on our one advantage, our ability to move in safety over sea, or river, or lake; to gather our settlements by the water-side, and to strengthen as fast as we can every means of protection available from the water. Every steamer is the equivalent of a fortress, and wherever there is deep water, the enemy can be stopped. There should be no massacres if we remember this rule, and if, wherever danger threatens, we withdraw our people for the moment from the interior to points at which they can be defended, even imperfectly, from the water. For the rest, we can but go on soberly doing our duty, strengthening centres like Mombassa, organizing a native armed force, cultivating every friendly tribe, cutting rough roads wherever practicable, forming settlements of released slaves, and prohibiting absolutely and steadily all recognition either of slavery or the slave-trade. Prince Bismarck's notion of tolerating the internal slave-trade, and recognizing slavery by law, is, we are convinced, a false one; for not only will it alienate all the tribes which are exposed to raids, and which we might encourage to resist their oppressors, but it will place ourselves on the same plane as the Arabs, who can protect slavery and foster the internal slave-trade a great deal more perfectly than we can. It is wise as well as right to persist in our own policy, which is raising up friends we do not see, and is at least thus far successful, that it excites our enemies to fury. We can beat back actual attack, and with patience our means will grow, till at last we are able with native troops to carry the struggle slowly forward into the interior. If we desire to do more than this, to enforce order quickly, and stop slave-raiding once for all, then we must use force, lend the East African Company a small army of sepoys, and agree to the necessary expenditure on considerable and burdensome expeditions. We have not the slightest objection to the rapid method, and would,

as far as the east-African dominion is concerned, gladly see it adopted; but we warn our readers that it is useless to think the work will be light, or finished with dramatic completeness. We shall find allies by degrees, we doubt not, if it is only through the operation of the desire of gain and that spread of Christian ideas which so nearly triumphed in Uganda, and we shall gradually obtain experience; but the area to be pacified is frightfully large, a Europe covered with matted forest, and dotted with swamps as large as provinces; and to enforce order within it is an enormous task. It is all the bigger if, as we begin to fear, we are, in performing it, to be resisted with the whole strength of a Mussulman revival which may not spend its force for a generation, and which everywhere and at all times teaches that the only excuse for obeying Christians is the existence on their side of a *force majeure* sufficient to show that the Creator for the hour wills them to be obeyed. Millions of Mussulmans live in peace under the British government; but then, they are able to plead that it is a government, and not only just but irresistible.

From Nature.

THE SCHOOL OF FORESTRY AT DEHRA DOON, INDIA.

LAST year we gave an account of the newly established School of Forestry at Cooper's Hill, the first of the kind in the United Kingdom, and explained what kind of instruction was there given, and how it was suited to the training of officers for the Indian Forest Department. We now propose to say something of its brother in India—an elder brother, indeed, by some eight years—the school at Dehra Doon, in the north-western provinces, now engaged in the education of those who may, not inaptly, be called the non-commissioned officers of the department. The Dehra Doon is a long valley, which lies at the foot of that portion of the Himalaya which stretches between the great rivers Jumna and Ganges. It is shut off from the great Gangetic plain by a range of hills called the Siwaliks, known well to all students of palæontological geology as the range in which were found the wonderful series of bones of extinct mammals described by Messrs. Falconer and Cautley. The valley itself lies about two thousand feet above the level of the sea,

possesses a beautiful climate, free from the blasts of the hot winds which in April to June sweep over the plains to the south of it, and is further known historically as having been the site of the first experiments made by the Indian government in growing the tea-plant, experiments which proved its suitability to India, and made the Doon the fatherland of the great Indian tea industry—an industry which has gradually increased to such an extent that the exports of tea from India and Ceylon now very nearly rival in amount those from the Chinese Empire. Centrally situated in this beautiful valley, among plantations of tea, forests of sal-wood, and groves where the deodar of the Himalaya may be seen alongside of the mango, typical of the Indian plains, and feathery bamboos raise their heads from an undergrowth in which wild or semi-wild roses thrive with luxuriance, lies the town of Dehra Doon, the headquarters of a deputy commissioner, of the offices of the great Trigonometrical Survey of India, of a regiment of Ghoorka troops, and of the body-guard of the viceroy. It is rather a straggling town, like most similar Indian stations; but centrally situated and surrounded by gardens, is found the Forest School, of which we wish to convey some idea to our readers. The school was first started in 1878, by the exertions of the then inspector-general of forests, now Sir Dietrich Brandis, K.C.I.E., and the first director was Lieut.-Colonel F. Bailey, of the Royal Engineers.

At present the director is Mr. W. R. Fisher, B.A. of Cambridge University, who is assisted by a professor of forestry, Mr. E. E. Fernandez, and a professor of geology and chemistry, Dr. H. Warth. Mr. Fisher himself lectures on forest botany, while other officers, attached to the school for the management of the adjacent forests, teach mathematics, forest law, forest entomology, and surveying, the teaching of the last-named subject being especially fostered by the presence, in the same building, of the office of the Forest Survey, which is now engaged in the preparation of careful detailed maps of the great forest estate which government possesses in India, and which bids fair to become, not only by its agricultural and climatic effects, but by its financial success, one of the most valuable of the revenue-yielding departments of the empire.

Attached to the school is a well-equipped museum, containing a magnificent collection of accurately named Indian woods; an herbarium, a chemical labora-

tory, and a meteorological observatory; while the forests of three districts are attached to the school as a training-ground, in which the young students may learn, by personal and actual experience, the conduct of forest operations in the field. The students are usually selected in the different provinces by the conservators of forests, and are generally young officers who have seen already some preliminary service. Several have been deputed by the chief native States, such as Mysore and Baroda, and this shows the spread that an enlightened forest policy is making in the country. There are, besides, a number of independent students, who study in the hope of obtaining appointments if successful, either in the British territory or in the native States.

Two courses of study are carried on at the school, the higher in English, leading up to the ranger's certificate, which qualifies the students who succeed in obtaining it for the appointment as forest ranger, on salaries rising from Rs. 600 to Rs. 3,000 yearly; the lower, in Hindustani, leading to the forester's certificate, which qualifies the holder for appointments of from Rs. 240 to Rs. 480 per annum. The ranger's course lasts twenty-one months, of which eight are spent in theoretical instruction, and the rest in practical work in the field. The subjects taught are forestry, botany, the elements of zoology, chemistry, physics, geology, mathematics, and surveying, with elementary engineering, such as road-making and the construction of forest export works, and forest law. The forester's course lasts sixteen months, four in theoretical study, and the rest in the field, and the subjects taught are elementary forestry and botany, mathematics, surveying and plan-drawing, and departmental procedure.

The students wear a neat uniform of *kharki*, drill with a turban or helmet, and they are regularly exercised in drill, most of the European and Eurasian students, however, preferring to join the Dehra Doon corps of mounted infantry. When on tour in the forests on practical instruction, each has a small tent, with furniture of a camp-table, chair, and bedstead, and some of them amuse themselves occasionally in sport, one student last year distinguishing himself by carrying off the first prize for shooting in the province.

The forests attached to the school circle consist of those of the Dehra Doon, Saharanpore, and Jaunsar Forest Divisions. The two former contain chiefly forests of the *sál*-tree (*Shorea robusta*),

the chief gregarious tree of India, and the most valuable timber, for building purposes, after teak. They occupy respectively the northern and southern slopes of the Siwalik Range, and are carefully managed as training forests. The Dehra Doon forests are now being worked under a working plan prepared by Mr. Fernandez, the professor of forestry. These forests had, till some twenty years ago, been very badly treated, so that at present the older portion of the stock consists chiefly of trees which are crooked and unsound, the good and sound ones having previously been all cut out to provide sleepers for the East Indian, and Sind, Punjab, and Delhi Railways. The present working plan provides for a temporary rotation of twenty years, during which (1) all the old, unsound, and crooked *sál* trees which can be cut without letting in too much light are removed; and (2) all trees of the less valuable kinds that are not required for shade are cut away. These operations have now been carried on for a few years with the most beneficial results, for the ground is being rapidly covered with good and straight saplings and coppice shoots of *sál*. The forest operations, the selection of the trees to be cut, and their marking and enumeration, are all done by the students themselves, so that in this way they obtain a valuable amount of practical experience.

The forests of Jaunsar lie on the hills of the outer Himalaya at an elevation of some five to ten thousand feet, and consist chiefly of coniferous trees. The deodar cedar (*Cedrus deodara*) is, of course, the most valuable of these; then come the pines, the "kail" (*Pinus excelsa*), which so often accompanies the deodar, and the "chir" (*Pinus longifolia*), which forms gregarious forests at the lower elevations. The silver and spruce firs (*Abies Webbiana* and *Swithiana*) also occur, as well as oaks (*Quercus incana*, *dilatata*, and *semicarpifolia*) and other temperate trees. These forests are also carefully treated under working plans, and in them the students of the school learn the management of coniferous forests, the extraction of timber by roads and slides, the planting of blanks in the forest, and the measures necessary for protection against fire and frost.

At the end of their course, and on obtaining their certificates, the students return to the provinces from which they were sent, qualified to carry out ordinary forest works in their own country; and some of them have already obtained pro-

motion into the higher staff of the department as the reward of their good work, industry, and energy.

The Forest School at Dehra Doon may thus be said to be doing an excellent work, a work which cannot fail to have the best possible effect in the country, and to show the truth of Sir Edwin Arnold's saying that "the forest conservancy carried out by the British 'Rāj' is one of the greatest benefits to the peninsula."

Soon, perhaps, the extension of forest work will necessitate the establishment of other or branch establishments in Madras, Burmah, and elsewhere; but it is to Dehra Doon that all will look up as the pioneer of scientific forest teaching for the natives of our great dependency.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE MAN WHO SWALLOWED THE EAST WIND.

THE well-known story of the two boys who, under the cognomen of "Eyes and No Eyes," went out for a walk, in which the one saw nothing worthy of record, while the other saw a great deal both to amuse and interest him, is a good deal older than "Sandford and Merton," where most of us read it in the old days of long ago. No doubt, "it is," as we say, "as old as the hills"—though wise men have not yet quite settled how old *they* are—and as true as such proverbs usually are. For, as a general rule, the eye sees only what it wishes to see or cares to see; and there are "none so blind as those who won't see," and then, perversely enough, try to comfort themselves with another old saying, "What the eye sees not, the heart doesn't crave."

I had been reading an odd volume of Danish proverbs about eyes and no eyes, as it chanced, one day in October, just before setting out for a ramble through the woods; and as I wandered on down one of the grassy roads, I suddenly came upon a couple of squirrels at play—a downright game of frisking romp. The carpet under my feet was soft and thick,

Golden and red, purple and brown,
Lightly the woodland leaves came down,
Fluttering here and whirling there
All in the hazy ambient air;

so that not a footfall could be heard, and I could watch the two little merry sprites by simply getting under the boughs of a great copper beech and standing still without a chance of detection. And so

there I stood for some minutes; and such a game of fun I never before saw. The two imps were like kittens gone mad; they ran races after each other, up one side of a tree and down another; they grinned, they chattered; they took flying leaps from bough to bough; they came down headlong on the piles of leaves with a dash and a hurry and a scramble that sent the small birds flying in all directions. Then they would perch gravely opposite to each other on the green grass, as if on the watch as to which should be the first to begin again their happy frolic. But all at once, as I made up my mind that I was still unseen, a fir-cone fell headlong down from a tall tree, and in a trice they had utterly vanished.

It was a day of dead sultry calm; and as I watched and listened, there fell on me an air of intense stillness and silence that seemed to fill all the wood. Right and left of me, on every side, were dense masses of trees—tall, feathery silver birch; broad spreading beeches, with smooth, solemn, massive trunks; sturdy knotted yews, looking as if they had stood there for centuries; strong mighty oaks, with gnarled and twisted stems that stretched across the winding pathway, as if on guard over the quiet domain. Some of them I knew well; for I had seen them in all weathers; and again and again found shelter from rain or sun under their spreading boughs. They seemed like old friends, who betray no trust; even in winter staunch and true, as if standing and waiting in patience and in hope for the far-off but sure days of spring, the time of new life and light; living and dying without suffering or self-reproach; and "gifted with the divine gift of silence," which, according to a modern sage, is the most eloquent of all speech, for those who can hear it, when "the Book of Nature getteth short of leaves."

But however "golden" such silence may be, and however divine the prophet of Cheyne Row, this one of woodland voices was, like all other mortal dreams, brought suddenly to an end. All at once, not a hundred yards away, there came pounding along over the dead leaves a little old man in a long gray coat; with his hat pulled down over his eyes, and a stout ash-plant in his hand, with which he slashed vigorously right and left among the briars and nettles. It was old Elzie Bartle, a strange odd creature, who lived in a lonely cottage at the end of the village, and spent most of his time in minding other people's business. Business of his own he seemed

to have none; and the neighbors knew no more as to who or what he was than they did when he came among them, a stranger, twenty years ago. He had money enough to pay his way and keep out of debt; was without encumbrances of any kind, and seemed to have neither relatives nor friends that ever cared to write or to visit him. Jacob the postman affirms to this day that no letter ever came to him by post but a circular from the surveyor of taxes at the county town. The moment I set eyes on him in the wood, I went back to my book of Danish proverbs, and to one particular line therein which said, "Some there are who see ill, and wouldn't mind seeing worse;" and there before me was the very man whom the words fitted to a T.

"Well, squire," said the old man, as he came up, "here's a day for October! A regular, sweltering, mouldy sort of day, I call it; enough to breed a fever all over the place. No wonder there's two more cases of measles down at the keeper's; not the two boys that got bitten by the sheep-dog last week, but girls this time; a poor sickly lot! and no wonder, with such a mother."

"Such a mother?" said I. "Why, what's the matter with the mother?—as clean, tidy, hard-working a woman as you'll find in a day's march."

"Nonsense, squire—non-sense! They sell gin, now, up at Murrige's the draper, and if Mrs. Gaiters isn't one of his best customers, my name isn't Bartle. No, no; I know what I know, squire, though I don't want it to go any further."

"You had better not let it get as far as her husband's ears, Elzie, or he might tumble you into the horse-pond and not help you out again. It's deep, Bartle, and muddy too."

"No doubt, squire, no doubt; but as I was saying when you interrupted me, I know what I know, though you needn't let it go any further. Mrs. Gaiters is a good customer at Murrige's; and it was only yesterday I saw her coming out of his shop with a round bundle under her arm that looked as much like a bottle as it could, as I said to Jane Ripper, when I saw her going down the street. And that reminds me, squire, of the nasty drain at the corner. They've got it open again, and I've not met with a worse stench for weeks until just now, before I saw you, I came upon a polecat or a weasel or something of the sort, lying dead in the middle of the path, and enough to poison the whole wood."

"Well, Elzie," said I, "they must open the drain to clear it out; and as for the polecat, he must die somewhere; and as he has got no relations to bury him, he must lie there until the ants pick his bones clean for him. But never mind the drains or polecats this glorious afternoon. Come here, man, and look down that narrow green path, right on past the great clump of white clematis, up to where the sunshine is streaming through the black evergreen oak, and lighting up the copper beech, and the cluster of red berries on the spindle-tree, as if they were on fire."

"Yes, yes," replied the old man; "I see it. And talking of fire, it was just at this very corner that I caught two of Harris's boys, yesterday, making a fire of bits of furze and a broken hurdle, enough to set the whole copse in a blaze. There; you can see the ashes of it now; and there's a page out of a spelling-book, too, as I live—torn out of one of the school-books, I'll wager,—the mischievous young wretches! But it's all the same wherever you go; nothing but waste and extravagance. All the laborers crying out about low wages and starvation times; and if you believe me, when I went in to Hobbs's cottage last Thursday at five o'clock, just to tell him that one of his boys had been caught with his pockets full in Jackson's orchard, there they were, the whole seven of 'em, eating hot buttered toast! 'You seem to be enjoying yourselves,' said I, 'and butter at one-and-three!' And if you believe me, squire, they all burst out laughing at this; and 'Right you are, Bartle,' says old Hobbs, with his mouth full of toast—'right you are; and why shouldn't we? Will 'ee have a piece?' 'No,' said I; 'I can't afford to eat melted butter in these times; and if your boy isn't laid up to-morrow, after gorging himself with sour apples, let me know.' 'Well, Bartle, we'll be sure to let you know; and we'll tell old Bolus to send in his bill to you.' There, squire; that's the way they waste their money; and if that boy doesn't get a month on the treadmill before long, my name isn't Bartle, that's all."

By this time we had got to the edge of the wood and were turning down into the lane; and as I had had more than enough of the old grumbler, I made up my mind to get rid of him. "Good-night, Bartle," said I—"good-night. For God's sake, don't bother yourself any more about old Hobbs and his boys. He is a hard-working, steady fellow enough, and good to his wife too. And as for the apples, the boy

only got a couple after all — so Jackson told me — and a good rope's-ending into the bargain."

And so, at last, after a final grumble about Hobbs's mother-in-law and a pair of shoes which she had got at Murrudge's and never paid for, we shook hands and parted; he across the meadow down to his own cottage, and I sauntering on into the village. And here I fell in with another of our old men, of a totally different look, manner, and speech — Jim Samson the blacksmith; a sturdy, well-built fellow of sixty, with a sun-burnt, smutty face, and a pair of sharp gray eyes that brimmed over with fun. His day's work was over; he had shut up his forge, and was just going home to tea.

"Sarvant, sir," says Samson. "Hope you're pretty well, sir, after a dose of Elzie? I see you a-coming down the copse together, and I says to myself: 'Squire's a-catchin' of it now, and no mistake.' Old Bartle's bin on the rampage all the mornin', and ready to bust about that there drain up street."

"Well, Samson," said I, "I've had a dose this time, and a good one too."

"Knowed you had, squire, the minute I saw your face. Why, bless 'ee, flesh and blood can't stand it. It's my belief, squire, that there old chap 'ave a-swallowed the east wind,' and it haven't agreed with un. He've a got the best eye for dirt of any chap I ever set eyes on."

"Swallowed the east wind?" said I. "Why so, Samson?"

"Why, how else could he go on as he do? From mornin' to night, from one week's end to another, it's nothing but grumble, fidget, and growl. First, it's the dreadful accidents, the fires, and the murders; then it's the fever and the riots in Ireland; the paupers, the gaols, and the strikes. Everything's going wrong, and there's no good news anywhere. Why, bless 'ee, he come into my forge the other mornin', and what's he do but begin foraging about among my tools and putting 'em to rights; making 'em tidy, he says, and upsetting things to that degree that every bit o' fire went out of the coals and put me all of a cold sweat. 'Be off, Bartle!' I says at last. 'Get away out into the sunshine there and take a good drink o' that, and see if you can't clear all them cobwebs out of your brains.' And with that, squire, away he goes out of the place like a mad March hare!"

"Well done, Samson!" said I — "well done! If he would but take your advice, that wretched old croaker would be a

different man in a month instead of a nuisance to himself and all his neighbors. Good-night, Samson. How's the wind?"

"West, sir — west to everybody in the place but old Bartle. But he keeps his own weather-cock, he do, and it's nothin' but 'east-by-north-east,' and dirty weather. It's a pity such people was ever born."

As I wended my way home through the wood and watched the soft mellow sunshine glinting down among the tall trunks of ruddy beech, and lighting up the green pathways with patches of golden splendor, it seemed a pity indeed that such miserable failures as old Elzie should exist to mar the beauty and peace of the whole scene. The smith's words were true words; it does seem a mistake that "such people was ever born." Perhaps, in his heart that miserable old bachelor himself inclines to the same way of thinking at times, and he, too, imagines that the world would have been better without him. If so, and he should feel tempted to write his own epitaph, I can save him from all further trouble on that score, in the words of a wise man and a wit of some two thousand years ago (Epicharmus, *Epigrammata Græca*): —

At seventy winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad.
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

From Nature.

THE GIANT EARTHWORM OF GIPPSLAND.

THE recently issued first part of the "Transactions of the Royal Society" of Victoria contains an elaborate essay by Mr. Baldwin Spencer, the newly appointed professor of zoology in the University of Melbourne, on the anatomy of the giant earthworm of Gippsland, the largest earthworm yet known. This worm, of which some examples attain to the extraordinary length of six feet, was first described by Professor McCoy in 1879, and named *Megascolides australis*. It belongs to a peculiar Australian group, of which five species are now known. Mr. Spencer gives us the following general account of its habits: —

Of all the species of *Megascolides* yet known, this one seems to be the largest, and is apparently confined to Gippsland; it is, when found at all, somewhat abundant, and lives principally on the sloping sides of creeks. At times it is found be-

neath fallen logs, and may be turned out of the ground by the plough.

When first seeking it we were somewhat puzzled by some of those who were evidently well acquainted with the worm assuring us that the entrance to its burrow was indicated by a distinct "casting;" whilst others, evidently equally well acquainted with the animal, were quite as positive in asserting that it never produced any casting. Whilst searching we found what I believe to be the explanation of the contradictory statements, and soon discovered that the surest test of the presence of the worm underground was a very distinct gurgling sound, made by the animal retreating in its burrow when the ground was stamped upon by the foot. When once heard, this gurgling sound is unmistakable, and we at once learned to regard it as a sure sign of the worm's presence.

The worm very frequently lives in ground riddled by the holes of the land-crab, as it is popularly called; this animal has a small circular burrow leading down to a chamber hollowed out underneath containing a pool of water, and through these chambers the worms' burrows frequently pass. The crab almost invariably has a large conical casting at the entrance to its hole, and may raise this to a height of even a foot and more; but the true worm-burrow never, so far as yet observed, has any casting at its entrance, and all trace of this is wanting where the crab-holes are absent. The very frequent association of the crab and worm leads to the idea that the latter forms a cast: but one of the most noticeable features of the ground, which is at times riddled with worm-burrows only, is the entire absence of "castings." What the worm does with the immense quantity of earth which it passes through its body I cannot at present say, and it must also be noticed that only on very rare occasions can any trace be detected of leaves dragged down into the burrows.

It is no easy matter to extract the worm without injury, owing to its length, the coiling of the burrow, the rapidity of movement which it possesses when underground, and its power of distending either the anterior or posterior ends of the body, or both.

Directly the burrow is laid bare, the worm is seen gliding rapidly away, often producing the curious gurgling sound as it passes through the slimy fluid always present in a burrow containing the living animal. Sooner than allow itself to be

drawn out, it fixes, if held in the middle, both ends of its body by swelling them out till they are tightly jammed against the sides of the burrow; under these circumstances, pulling merely results in tearing the body. The worm has been described as brittle, but this term is most inapplicable, as its body is very soft, and capable of a great amount of extension before tearing. Its curious smell, when living, resembling somewhat that of creosote, has been already observed by Professor McCoy, and when dead it is worse than ever, and very strong and characteristic; the body, in decaying, passes into an oily fluid, which, we were assured by one or two old natives of the district, is very good for rheumatism. Fowls refuse to touch the worm, living or dead.

When held in the hand, the worm, in contracting its body, throws out jets of a milky fluid from its dorsal pores to a height of several inches; if the burrow be examined carefully, its sides are seen to be very smooth, and coated over with a fluid exactly similar to that ejected from the pores. Whatever be the primary function of the fluid when within the body-cavity, there can be no doubt that it has the important and perhaps secondary function, when it has passed out of the body, of making the burrow walls smooth, moist, and slippery, and of thus enabling the animal to glide along with ease and speed.

The worm in its burrow moves rapidly by swelling up its anterior or posterior end, as the case may be, and then, using this as a fixed point, in doing which the setæ perhaps help, though to a minor extent, it strongly contracts the rest of its body. In the next movement, the end free in the first instance will be swollen out and used as a fixed point, from which expansion forwards can take place. These changes of motion follow each other so rapidly, that in the burrows the appearance of continuous gliding is given. Outside the burrow, when the whole body-surface is not in contact with the earth, the worm makes no attempt whatever to move, lying passively on the ground. Any one who merely sees the beast removed from its burrow imagines it to be of a very sluggish temperament, and can form no idea of its active and rapid movements when underground.

So far as locomotion is concerned, its setæ seem to be of little or no use to it. The perichæte worms, on the contrary, when taken from the burrow, move along on the ground with remarkable speed, cer-

tainly using their setæ as aids to progression.

The burrows of the large worm measure $\frac{3}{4}$ –1 inch in diameter; and in disused ones are often found (1) casts of the worms, or rather, what are probably the earthy contents of the alimentary canal, with clear indications marked upon them of the segments of the body; and (2) more rarely cocoons. The latter measure $1\frac{1}{2}$ –2 inches in length, vary from light yellow to dark brown in color, according to their age, and contain only one embryo each, which I have at present only been able to obtain in a somewhat highly developed state.

The cocoon itself is somewhat thin, and made of a tough, leathery material, with a very distinct stalk-like process at each end; it contains a milky fluid closely similar to that found in the body-cavity of the worm.

It is interesting to note the fact that at the present time we know of three especially large kinds of earthworms; that, of these, one comes from South Africa, another from the southern parts of India and Ceylon, and the third from the south of Australia. We know as yet little about the distribution of earthworms, but the same laws which governed the distribution of other animals must always have governed theirs, and it is just possible that these great earthworms may be the lingering relics of a once widely spread race of larger earthworms, whose representatives at the present day are only found, as occurs with other forms of life, in the southern parts of the large land-masses of the earth's surface. Possibly careful search will reveal the existence of a large earthworm in the southern parts of South America.

From Good Words.

THE FROZEN SOUTH.

THE ice conditions naturally present the most interesting and characteristic features of the Antarctic regions. The voyager, on leaving the temperate zone to penetrate into the frozen waters of the far south, would require to have a very considerable knowledge of navigation among ice as his chief equipment; and in order to make any length of stay there, he would need a vessel of more than ordinary strength, capable of withstanding an occasional "nip" from the battering-rams of the dangerous floes.

What is the life-history of these floating

ice-islands and icebergs? They are all shed from the parent ice-cap that surrounds the pole. Extremes of frost and the gradual projection of the ice-cap into the sea are the causes of their disruption. Here, for centuries perhaps, the great ice-cap grows and moves like a living thing. Each season a fresh layer of snow is added to its thickness, which the rays of the sun convert into ice more or less solid. Slowly the huge cumbrous mass moves over the lower-lying lands and through the valleys towards the sea, grinding under its enormous weight rocks and boulders, which, from the cohesive nature of ice, it sometimes gathers up and conveys along with it; and this *débris* is eventually deposited on the sea bottom.

The coloring of the bergs is magnificent. The general mass closely resembles loaf sugar; the caves and crevices are of the deepest and purest azure blue; at night they emit a luminous glow, and there are reasons to believe that many are to some extent phosphorescent. Like the bergs of the Arctic seas, they are bounded by perpendicular cliffs on all sides. Some of them are more than two miles and some as many as four miles in circumference, while bergs four miles in diameter have also been seen. They have a uniform height of about one hundred and seventy-five feet, ninety per cent. of their volume being submerged; but higher bergs are frequently met with, the highest seen by Cook having been estimated at from three hundred to four hundred feet. As they float northwards they become tilted and gradually lose their tabular appearance, until the warm waters dissolve them.

The bergs met with, especially in the lower latitudes, assume every conceivable form. The Challenger, for instance, saw one that was "gable-shaped, with a glorious open Gothic arch in the centre, and a separate spire over two hundred feet high. It was like a gorgeous floating cathedral built of sapphires, set in frosted silver." Both Wilkes and Ross, among other voyagers, describe the exceeding beauty of these palaces, cathedrals, islands, which are carved out of solid ice and sprinkled with snow, and, that more reality may be given them, are sometimes populated by penguins. Towards the pole, however, the icebergs, not being so disintegrated, are uniformly tabular.

The drift-ice is not usually to be met with at a lower latitude than 58° S., but in the severe seasons of 1832 and 1840, ice-islands were observed in latitude 42° , and they have sometimes been seen six hun-

ded to seven hundred miles from the barrier. There was one immense floating island, reported to have been passed by twenty-one ships in December, 1854, and January, February, and March, 1855. It was in the form of a hook, the longer shank of which was sixty miles and the shorter forty miles, enclosing a bay of open water forty miles in diameter; and its elevation in one case exceeded three hundred feet. This stupendous ice-island, as it might be conceived, presented great dangers to navigation. One ship which sailed into the bay was fortunate enough to secure a safe retreat, but an emigrant ship, the Guiding Star, was embayed and lost with all hands.

The pack-edge is of a deep blue color, and is always characteristic; it consists for the most part of heavy floe ice, much worn by the sea, broken up and pressed and heaped together, so as to present the most irregular-shaped masses. The pack of the Antarctic seas is far more broken up, in consequence of the violent storms, than in the Arctic regions, where the sea is usually more tranquil. The vicinity of the pack is indicated to the navigator by a beautiful meteorological phenomenon called the "ice-blink," which is seen above it, and may be described as presenting a clear band of white reflections, sometimes bounded above by a dark cloud.

Ross contended for six weeks, trying to penetrate the pack to the south of Cape Horn; but his ships were so constantly beset and carried backward by the current flowing north that eventually, after experiencing many perils, he abandoned the attempt. We may gather some idea of the dangers he must have encountered when we remember that the huge Antarctic icebergs are constantly colliding and disintegrating. The drift-ice, too, is tossed about by the waves like so many floating timbers, contact with any large body of which might prove fatal to any unfortified ship. The sudden, fierce gales peculiar to these regions, alternating with the still more dangerous calms—when the ship floats helpless amongst the ice—present

fresh dangers to be faced by the navigator, and the frequent thick weather and heavy, blinding falls of snow add to his embarrassment. The free movement of his ship is further impeded by the rapidity with which the young ice forms to obstruct his passage, rendering frequent short "tacks" necessary in the small open spaces of water, and the free handling of the icy ropes is almost impossible when the waves congeal as they fall on the decks, and have to be cut away with hatchets. A storm in the pack, in fact, or an ensuing dead calm, are the most dangerous positions in which an Antarctic voyager can be placed.

From the fact that these high southern lands, unlike those in the antipodal regions, can be approached from all sides at every season of the year, we might reasonably have supposed that they would not have been for so long unexplored had any commensurate advantage to trade or shipping been anticipated. Our considerable knowledge of the Arctic regions is due, not to any special claims for their scientific exploration, but chiefly to the fact that whilst there was a north-east and a north-west passage to explore, or a short cut across the pole to China and Japan to discover, commerce persistently endeavored to break through the barriers of the frozen north. In the Antarctic, on the other hand, commerce has concerned itself only with the sealing and whaling produce.

To the natural sciences it offers an area of almost virgin ground, and until it has been systematically explored, and some knowledge of it obtained by synchronous observations, none of these sciences can be properly equipped for a thorough investigation into the cosmogony of the globe. It may be a long time yet before the nations recognize how much their progress is regulated by, and dependent on, the advance of science; but we are sure there will always be found men who will impress on the public the paramount importance of investigating the unknown continent of the far south.

PURIFYING WATER BY ELECTRICITY.—Professor Hugo Blanck, of Pittsburg, Pa., says that the passing of an electric current through water kills all the germs of disease that are in it. Experiments, it is stated, have been made with water taken from the Monon-

gahela River, near the sewer escapes, with entirely satisfactory results. A Pittsburg capitalist has built large tanks in that city from which he proposes to supply citizens with water made pure by the electrical process.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts from Notices.

The Churchman, New York, says:—

"This magazine is so well known that it hardly needs at this late day any extended commendation. Each number is in itself a photograph, so to speak, of contemporary foreign literature, all the best articles from the foreign magazines and reviews being republished. Any library possessing a full set of *THE LIVING AGE* has on its shelves a perfect reproduction of the best English thought for the past forty years and more."

The Congregationalist, Boston, says:—

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